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THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED

A CANADIAN PICTORIAL WEEKLY.

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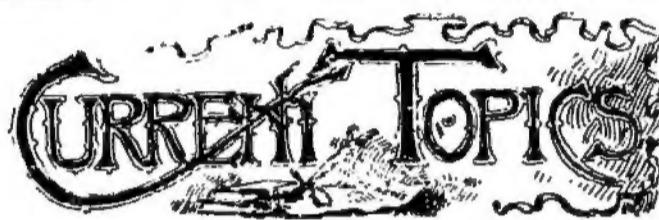
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23rd MAY, 1891.



Loyalist Literature.

MR. JAMES HANNAY's article on "The Loyalists," in the current number of the New England Magazine, is, we believe, the first detailed paper on the subject from a Canadian writer that has yet appeared in the American press. While the literature bearing on the Revolution has been so large as to be practically beyond reckoning, almost every phase of the struggle being exhaustively treated, it is singular to note how little has been written on the expatriation of such an enormous number of the inhabitants of the country, including so many of talent and influence. Of all American writers on their national history—and no branch of the literature of that country has received so much attention from skilful pens—the late LORENZO SABINE has alone devoted an entire work to the subject; while the newspaper and magazine articles on it have been few, and of little historic value. The published collections and transactions of the many historical societies throughout the Republic have occasionally given meagre records of certain events of the movement; but compared to its acknowledged importance these amount to little or nothing. It is pleasing, therefore, to note that a scholarly and impartial sketch of the Loyalist settlement in New Brunswick has at last appeared in an influential American magazine; a periodical which does not confine its scope to historical topics, and therefore enjoys a wide circulation. Few events in history admit of more picturesque treatment than does this; and it is to be hoped that Mr. HANNAY's paper will lead to fresh interest and to more literature on the subject.

The Toronto Belt Railway.

The question of rapid transit from the centres of city life to the suburbs is one of the most important ones of the day, affecting, as it does, so many matters of vital interest to citizens, especially those of limited income. The old days of narrow streets, absence of ventilation and drainage, and similar matters inconsistent with health are past; but until a comparatively short time ago dwellers in our larger cities had few opportunities for the enjoyment of the pleasures of country life. With the great extension of railway facilities in recent years, men are being enabled to attend to their business in town while having their homes perhaps many miles away; but this has been only partially true about Montreal, the large stretches of country lying at the back of the city being practically inaccessible as far as train service is concerned. Toronto is markedly ahead of Montreal in this respect, in the possession of a Belt Line Railway, now almost completed; it will completely circle the city and bring the residents of every suburb within a few minutes' ride of the Union Station. The experience of all large cities shows how successful such lines have been, not only to

the projectors, but to the city at large. The temporary check to values experienced by holders of property in the older parts of the town, has been found in all cases (in progressive communities) to disappear in a short time; while the increase in worth of lands in the outskirts of the city has been enormous. But these, in a general sense, are minor points compared with the inestimable benefits which accrue to the middle-class wage-earners and their families from a good suburban service. Low rents, fresh air, and all country privileges near at hand, take the place of small, stuffy houses on busy streets; and children grow up stronger and healthier, less precocious, perhaps, but none the worse on that account. The Toronto Belt Line will have the advantage of the best of skill and management, being under lease to the Grand Trunk Railway for 40 years; and Torontonians are to be congratulated on the near prospect of such ready access to suburban homes.

The Manipur Outrage.

The details recently received of the Manipur outrage, and of the barbarities inflicted on the unfortunate officers who fell into the hands of the natives, have aroused a deep feeling of anger throughout the British nation, and a determination to see that the offenders are quickly brought to justice. That retribution will come to them soon goes without saying. No native power has yet murdered British subjects but has felt, sooner or later, the heavy hand of the nation which has subjugated the vast territory of British India, and which year by year continues to expand. It is scarcely credible that any nation could, in the light of history, act in so suicidal a manner as have the Manipurese. The punishment of the guilty wretches who ordered the atrocities will probably be of the most severe type; to be blown from the mouth of a cannon, as in the old Mutiny days, would be a too mild of a recompense for such torturing murderers. The false clemency that did so much harm in South Africa and Egypt within the last ten years is not likely to be repeated by the present administration, whose foreign policy is one of vigour and expansion. To the Manipur nation the act will, there is every reason to hope, result in its extinction as an independent power, and its incorporation in the British Empire, which is without doubt destined to absorb all the smaller states bordering on its East Indian possessions. To the relatives of the murdered officials, retribution on the guilty individuals and the annexing of the country to British India may be but poor consolation; but it is the most that can be offered. Whoever may have blundered, death, and the cruel way which it came to the victims, should efface any error that possibly has been made.

Note Extension of Time in PRIZE COMPETITION.

Literary Competition.

The Publishers of THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED offer the sum of \$130 in four prizes for short stories from Canadian writers—

| | |
|----------------|------|
| 1st prize..... | \$60 |
| 2nd " | 40 |
| 3rd " | 20 |
| 4th " | 10 |

On the following conditions:

1st—All stories must be delivered at the office of THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED not later than 1st August next.

2nd—Each story to contain not less than 5,000 words, and not to exceed 8,000 words,

3rd—All MS. sent in for this competition to become the property of THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED.

4th—Each story must contain a motto on top of first page, and be accompanied by a sealed envelope, inside of which is stated the name and address of the writer. The outside of envelope to bear motto used on story.

5th—MS. to be written in ink, and on one side of paper only.

6th—Stories on Canadian subjects are preferred.

THE SABISTON LITHO. & PUB. CO.,
Publishers "THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED,"
Montreal.

The Dominion Illustrated Prize Competition, 1891.

QUESTIONS.

FOURTH SERIES.

19.—Give particulars of a new railway mentioned as likely to be undertaken by the Russian Government?

20.—What comparison is made with a noted encounter mentioned in one of Captain Marryatt's novels?

21.—What feature of Canadian life is said to be specially noted by strangers?

22.—Where is mention made of the famous struggle between Charinisay and La Tour?

23.—Give name of a blind lady who has recently passed with high honours through a university and mention one of her chief accomplishments.

24.—Who was the author of "Quebec Vindicata" and give a brief sketch of his life.

NOTE.—All the material necessary for correctly answering the above questions can be found in Nos. 131 to 147 of the "Dominion Illustrated," being the weekly issues for January, February, March and April.



IN THE GALLERY OF THE NORMAL SCHOOL, TORONTO.

POINTS.

BY ACUS.

To point a moral and adorn a tale!

—Johnson: *Vanity of Human Wishes*.

The health of "Her Majesty the Queen" is not likely to be seriously affected by the fact that the United States Consul at Vancouver declined to drink to the toast at a recent board of trade banquet. The health of the Consul in question would probably not have been prejudiced had he done so. As to his 'acknowledging no right of the British sovereign to this courtesy,' it might be remarked that courtesy rests upon a higher ground than the recipient's right to it. Moreover, in doing honour to a lady, a gentleman always honours himself; and in proportion he would honour himself most in doing honour to Her Majesty, who is in every respect the foremost lady in the world. But clothed in a little brief authority, the Consul at Vancouver has no doubt gained the sought for notoriety. With sensible men notoriety is a drug on the market. Anyone can have it who is willing to pay for it; not necessarily in money, but in a sacrifice of common sense, or self respect, or in some such way notoriety has to be paid for. It is, perhaps, not surprising that the Consul's conduct has aroused such hostile feeling against him that petitions are said to be in circulation asking the authorities at Ottawa to institute enquiries, lay the facts before the American government, and demand his withdrawal. It is a pity that the gentleman could not have been satisfied with the simple distinction of being "a nephew of Secretary Blaine." True, that is very like the distinction of being known as Mrs.

Somebody's husband; but it is inoffensive, and no one ever petitions the government about it.

proximation can ever be entirely satisfactory to those to whom the original text itself is an open book.

One of the advantages of being well up in the languages, is that one does not have to fall back upon translations. There can be little doubt that literary work must always suffer more or less in the translation. Every language has a *genius* of its own, which is incapable of translation. Figures of speech are often difficult to translate; take *paronomasia*, for example. And the sweetest and smoothest of lines in their native language, often limp most painfully when taken out of it. When recently asked if I did not enjoy a certain German author, I had to confess that I had not derived any great degree of enjoyment from perusing him; but qualified the admission by explaining that I had to depend upon translations. "That," remarked my linguistic friend, "partly explains it." No doubt the same thing will partly explain the odd criticisms, and strange misunderstandings, to which so many works have been subjected at the hands of foreigners. Of course, there are translators and translators. One of Mark Twain's droll ideas is that men who fail at other trades become watch-makers; and similarly, it may perhaps be the case that men who fail in other departments of literature try their hand at translation. Their readers may be excused, therefore, for failing to appreciate the original. On the other hand, there are translators *par excellence*, translators to the manner born. Instead of translating word for word, they translate idiom for idiom; and with consummate discernment approximate as nearly as possible the standard of the original. But no ap-

proximation can ever be entirely satisfactory to those to whom the original text itself is an open book.

Is the old prize system a failure? The school trustees in Ottawa think that it is; and have risen to the occasion, and abolished it. Their action in the matter seemed calculated to meet with universal approval. Some little controversy has, however, arisen in the papers; and from the tone of correspondence so far, the prizes would appear to be dearer to the heart of vain and doting parents than to the children themselves. Every crow thinks its own the blackest; and the flattering unction is emphasized by a prize or two in the family. But, on the other hand, more than once have I heard bright students say, "O, I do not study for a prize; I am satisfied to pass." In other words, knowledge is esteemed for its own sake; not for the sake of running off, at the expense of other people, with a few cheap editions of commonplace works in the shape of prizes. But even were the editions the most expensive, and the authors the best, the principle itself wou'd remain unaltered. What standard could be more false? What could be more out of proportion than the value of a paltry prize, and the value of learning? To render talent and ambition subservient to the attainment of mere prizes, is an ignoble ambition and a prostitution of talent. The schools will do better, far better, to teach something of the intrinsic value of knowledge; and believe me the intelligent student will not be slow to grasp the idea. Therefore I am extending my humble support to the school trustees at Ottawa; and more power to their elbow, say I.

OUR IROQUOIS COMPATRIOTS.

BY E. PAULINE JOHNSON.

(See page 492-3.)

It is a pretty corner in Ontario, where for a few miles the Grand River slips between gentle shores. For leagues and leagues its waters have laughed in rapids—until here it slumbers like a child after the pleasures of a play hour. Here, where the counties of Brant and Haldimand touch, lies the Six Nations Indians' reserve, truly a deplorably insignificant remnant of land compared with the original grant made by the Imperial Government to the Iroquois, when they left New York State to ally their forces and their destinies with those of the British when Canada was young and its future a matter of conjecture.

At that time the tract consisted of the lands lying within six miles on both sides of the Grand River from its source to its mouth, at the present day the reserve comprises but 53,000 acres, a comparatively small portion of which fronts the beautiful stream that will forever be associated with Indian traditions, and whose legend-thronged shores girdle with a peculiar loneliness some of the purest, sweetest water in Ontario.

And this has been the home of the Six Nations for upwards of a hundred years, and in that time it has developed from absolute forest into an infinitely better agricultural country that can be found occupied by any class of settlers, enjoying a corresponding degree of educational, religious and civil advantages. In the early part of the century much of the land specified in the Imperial grant slipped out of the Iroquois' possession much like the sands in an hour glass. "Value received" was not always recorded, but after a time when the country was being settled, and the demand for river lands in southern Upper Canada far exceeded the supply, the Six Nations surrendered and sold piece after piece, until now, in lieu of their old-time real estate, they have deposited with the government upwards of eight hundred thousand dollars—the interest on which they draw bi-annually, individually, the amount varying in accordance with the expenditure they make on public works within their own reserve.

The Departmental census returns of 1890 show the entire Indian population of Canada to be 122,585. The Six Nations of the Grand River are but a seeming drop in the ocean, numbering as they do 35,000. In the accompanying sketches from life Mr. Heming has portrayed most accurately men who may be regarded as perfect types of their respective tribes, yet men who are brothers all, bound by the invisible but powerful ties which have existed since the formation of the great Iroquois confederacy, more than four hundred years ago—that mighty alliance which historians and scholars alike declare to be one of the most faultless and impregnable governmental constitutions known in the world's history. In a measure, these people are to-day self-governing. At their councils, swayed by Chiefs who are still elected in accordance with ancient rule, they debate and decide the policy that is really scarcely subject to the sanction of the Dominion Government; and, to their credit be it known, the wise old chiefs so understand the requirements of the people that rarely indeed does the Government feel that her Grand River subjects require her guiding hand. Law-abiding, diligent, and intelligent, the Six Nations are advancing every year both civilly and intellectually,—with regret the term "religiously" must be omitted. To be sure there are missionaries—Anglican, Methodist, Baptist, Plymouth, aye—even the ever zealous Salvation Army has reached the reserve, and yet there still remain 500 Pagans, living exemplary lives in a way, moral, upright, industrious, believing in the all-caring, all-good one, "The Great Spirit"—worshipping and loving a far-off God—understanding all things beautiful except the story of the Cross.

The bells ring out from the towers of the Brantford sanctuaries scarcely a dozen miles distant from the Pagan settlements, where the devotions of the Onondagas ascend heavenward through the medium of dances, chants and burnt offerings—but few indeed there are in that thriving little city who

seem to heed the cry—not from far off Macedonia, but from the voices at their own doorstep calling out year after year "Come over and help us." These Pagans still offer annually the sacrifice of the "White Dog," with burning incense and beautiful faith in the efficacy of its power to transmit aloft on its curling blue wings all their prayers and their desires until it reaches the lodge of the "Great Spirit" and lays at his feet the burden of these beautifully ignorant, exquisitely simple hearts.

One feels almost driven to demand "What are the missionaries about? And why has so little progress been made towards Christianizing this tribe and their co-religionists among the Senecas and Cayugas. These people are civilized, and being educated, surely the demands made upon the missionaries by the flock within the church's fold cannot be so extortionate that they find no moments to spare wherein they may graft the bud of Christianity into this tree so well prepared to receive and nourish it. And yet one can scarcely deplore their lives lived in such absolute fidelity to their God whom they honour and adore as did the ancient Jews. Still do the Onondagas join in the dances of praise and supplication, when at corn planting time they ask for the blessings of an abundant harvest, still do they gather together at berry-picking season to give thanks by strange wild chants and stranger dances for the gift of all good fruits, still do they congregate in the autumn for a general thanksgiving to the Great Spirit for all His mercies in supplying their needs, and giving them this day their daily bread.

The Anglican church has the vantage ground on the Grand River reserve, backed as she is by the New England Company that for two hundred and forty years has worked actively among the North American Indians.

One of their churches, beautiful St. Paul's, built near the celebrated Sour Springs, in the very heart of the reserve, would be a credit to any of our Canadian cities; its wide, deep chancel, its crimson and gold draped altar, perfect in all its appointments, its pretty little organ, its long row of pews and carpeted aisles, its lofty gothic roof and richly stained glass windows through which the sunlight blazes in quaint and gorgeous coloring over the dark, bowed heads of the native worshippers, is a bit of beauty that, once seen, is never forgotten.

Little St. John's at the opposite side of the reserve boasts a Mohawk pastor, the Rev. Isaac Bearfoot, who took Orders at Huron College, London, and who has translated into the Mohawk language a collection of hymns, that are used in the churches throughout the entire reserve.

Touching the educational facilities, there are eleven district schools, whereat the pupils receive instruction preparatory to attending the Mohawk Institute—which is generally admitted to be the most complete and desirable boarding school for children in Canada. The total average attendance at the day schools is 173 daily, and during the year 1890, fifteen boys and seventeen girls entered the institution, the applicants for admission far exceeding the accommodation of the school. The Rev. R. Ashton is the present superintendent, and represents conscientiously the interests of the New England Company, but the school had its birth upwards of twenty-five years ago, when the late Venerable Archdeacon Nelles, who was near the close of his long and faithful labours as a missionary, could watch over and guard this school as a mother guards an only child, and the kindly love of that gentle old heart is here perpetuated annually, by the awarding of the "Nelles Medal" for general proficiency.

The scholars who graduate from these class rooms have the opportunity of attending the Collegiate Institute in Brantford, the distance being only a mile. There are here at present two more than ordinarily interesting pupils. They are both Blackfoot boys, and last autumn they came alone, without the knowledge of a word of English, all the way from the Blackfoot Reserve in the North West Territory. Little "Fire Ears" is the son of

Chief North Axe, who in company with five other prominent Chiefs visited Ontario the year following the late North-West rebellion. Mr. Heming has sketched the boys just as they arrived in Brantford, and I understand the little fellows evince much intelligence and inclination towards advancement, although they have discouraging odds to fight against in conquering English without the aid of an interpreter.

The Six Nations are a self-supporting people; thrift, industry and ambition are yearly asserting themselves, their presence endorsed by the well cleared farms and natty cottages of the successful wooers of Fortune. Bordering the Grand River there are some lovely little estates, with well-built brick houses, smoothly rolled lawns, dainty flower-beds, fields of yellow corn and grain, stacks of corn crouching closely to ample barns, fine horses and sleek cattle. I regret that Mr. Heming is able to give but one sketch of an Indian home—that of "Chiefswood," the residence of the late Chief G. H. M. Johnson. It is one of the loveliest spots in Brant county, the estate consisting of 200 acres of rich arable land, and is wooded about the homestead with splendid walnuts, oaks and elms. So famous had become the magnificent walnuts of "Chiefswood," that when the Marquis of Lorne was Canada's Governor-General he requested of the late chief some seed nuts to send to his Scottish home. I have not heard for some years how the wee Indian-nurtured seedlings are doing in the soil that lies about bonnie Inverary Castle. Do the little leaves, I wonder, long to breathe their far-off native air, or to look down the southward slopes, where the old Grand River tosses and ripples at the feet of their parent trees?

But in many Indian homes prosperity forgets to smile—homes that consist of but one room constructed of logs, of comfortless emptiness, of barren larders, of extreme poverty. Oftentimes the cause is not difficult to discover, it lies at the door of the nearest tavern, and has been transmitted by the white man's hand. Not that there are no improvident or lazy Indians,—these individuals throng in every nation—but take the general household, where the father is one who never drinks, and the son not a frequenter of the miserable little villages fringing the skirts of the reserve, and one will generally find a well-built log or frame house, a goodly supply of corn, and, in an average season, of root crops also. In many homes there are sewing machines, in some few, organs, and in almost every yard a pig or two; but where the poison of bad liquor is, (and no one ever dreams that the "poison" lies more in the inferior quality of the whiskey that is so often considered "good enough for Indians" than in the quantity they take), there is sure to follow misery and degradation to the people who knew not what vice, ill-living or disease meant before "the white man's footprints" were seen, and the sooner that the world sees the folly of attempting to civilize Indians by bringing the Bible in one hand and the bottle in the other, just so soon will it realize the fact that Indian brain and Indian bone can help in the upbuilding of the grand young country that Iroquois hearts and arms have loved and served so loyally.

Osweken, the central village of the reserve, has clustered itself about the Agricultural Hall, wherein the entire Six Nations hold their annual industrial exhibition—which, by the way, is really a marvel in its representation of farm, dairy, culinary and artistic enterprise—and about the old white frame Council house, that has heard so many stormy debates, so many eloquent speeches, so much of law-making, while its picture-covered walls stare down at the venerable chieftans and braves going through the same ceremonial rites that their ancestors practised four hundred years ago, and most honoured of all the pictures there are three steel engravings framed in gold. One is the face of a noble, handsome man, the Prince Consort; its companion, that of the earnest, soldierly boy Prince, donor of the three portraits, Arthur, Duke of Connaught and Chief of the Six Nations Indians. Above them both, its frame draped with a Union Jack, the face of a woman, young, kindly, queenly; beneath it the single word, "VICTORIA."

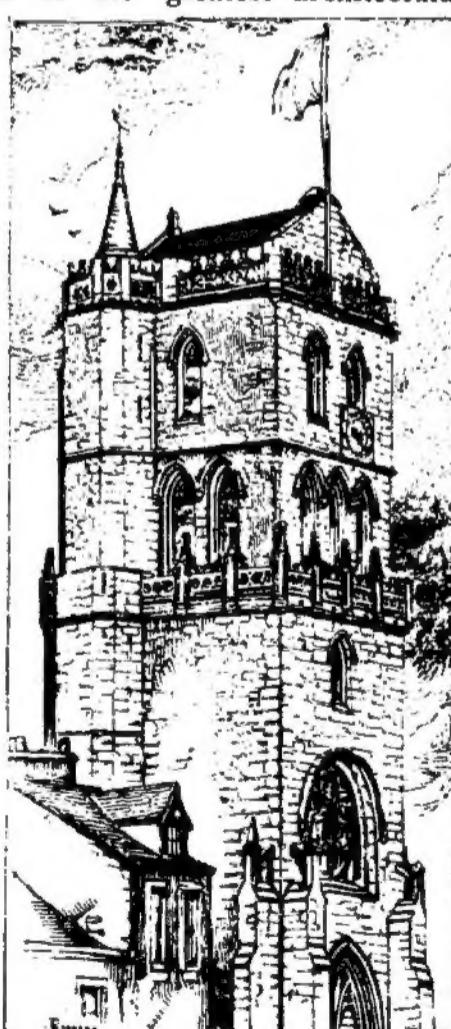


DUNDEE FROM LAW HILL : 1686 JV

DUNDEE

A REVERENT PILGRIMAGE.

PART IX



CHURCH TOWE, DUNDEE (1377-99.)
Time of Richard II.

"Ecce Tiber! Ecce Campus Martius!" cried the Romans, as the Tay and the plain, known later as the North Inch of Perth, met their gaze. Doubtless they meant it as a compliment; but the dweller on Tay laugh the comparison to scorn, and would not give their own majestic river for fifty Tibers, with all their associations—and mud—thrown in.

—thrown in. Nevertheless, the good town of Perth likes to boast of its Roman foundation. In later days the Stewarts often dwelt there—themselves and their court being housed in the Cistercian Convent. In Blackfriar's monastery, the poet-king, first and best of the Jameses, fell a victim to the jealousy of his fierce nobles. Of all the religious houses with which, previous to the Reformation, Perth abounded, nothing is left. The old Collegiate church of St. John, the patron-saint of the city, remains—strangely enough, since it was in it that the first of



ST. JOHN'S CHURCH, PERTH.

Knox's sermons, which led to the demolition of so many sacred places, was preached, and it was in Perth that "the rascal multitude" began their work of destruction. Before the high altar of St. John's, Edward III of England stabbed his brother, the Duke of Cornwall, in 1366.

Few towns have more interesting environs than Perth. Attached to Scone Palace—built on the site of the ancient palace of the Kings of Scotland, and boasting among other treasures, bed-hangings embroidered by Queen Mary during her imprisonment in Loch Leven Castle*—are the ruins of Scone Abbey, where the Stone of Destiny rested after the wanderings previously referred to, until carried to Westminster by Edward I. The Abbey, founded by Alexander I, in 1107, was destroyed at the Reformation by a mob; the only portion left, is used as a burial place by the owner of the palace and ruins, the Earl of Mansfield.

house, both St. Columba and St. Cuthbert appear in the traditions of Dunkeld, which seems to have preceded St. Andrews as the seat of the Primate or High Bishop of Albany, and could boast that among its lay abbots in the eleventh century was numbered the progenitor of a race of kings. This minster was the scene of violence to the last. When the most illustrious of its prelates, Gavin Douglas, he who

"in a barbarous age
Gave to rude Scotland Virgil's page
came to take possession of his throne,
in 1516, he was opposed by a shower
of shot from the cathedral tower and
Bishop's Palace ; and it was not until
the power of the great family to which
he belonged had been gathered from
Fife and Angus, that he obtained
access to his church, thanks to the

intercession of St. Columba, says the chronicle, "without loss of life or limb."

The present cathedral was founded in the beginning and completed about the middle of the fifteenth century; so at least says the Abbot of Cambuskenneth, writing the history of the See early in the sixteenth century. Here, however, the styles of architecture point to a greater antiquity than is claimed—a very unusual circumstance. The piers of the nave are Romanesque; the arches, triforium and clerestory, first pointed. The nave, 122 by 62 feet, with aisles 12 feet wide, is roofless, but the choir has been rebuilt and is used as a place of worship. At the west end rises a buttressed tower ninety feet in height and twenty-four feet square, and beside it a small octagonal watch-tower. The buttresses of the nave are surmounted above the church by traceried spiracles. The windows of the aisles are all of different designs. There is a statue of a bishop in his robes, under a crocketed canopy. And among other curiosities preserved in the lobby, is a gigantic statue in armour, which formerly surmounted the grave of the notorious Wolf of Badenoch.

At the end of the Cathedral are two of the first larches introduced (in 1737) into Great Britain. And if you are fond of woods—and who is not? you may wander into the grounds of the Duke of Athol, and have your fill of them. Oak, beech, birch, pine, spruce, ash and horse-chestnut trees by the million, with twenty-seven millions of larches alone were set out by one of the late Dukes, making about eighty miles of woods and pleasure grounds. A walk in the summer evening on the terraced walk by the river, or through the grounds with their charms of grotto, streams and waterfall, is something not to be lightly forgotten.

* * * * *

Circling back by Arbroath, for a glimpse of the beautiful ruins of its Abbey—founded by William the Lion in 1178 and dedicated to St. Thomas of Canterbury—and thence taking our way northward, we come to a region with a language of its own, to wit, *Aberdonice*. The Aberdeenshire dialect is almost as unlike ordinary Scotch as it is unlike good English. Long *u* and *oo* become *ee*; *boots* and *shoes*, which are *buunts* and *shune* in the

south, are *beets* and *sheen* in Aberdeenshire. Short *u* or *o*, is *i*, making *sons*, *sins*. *Wh* is as unpronounceable to the rural Aberdonian as *th* to a Frenchman. *What* is *fat*; *whip*, *fup*—or perhaps *fuppie*, or *bit fuppie*. Consonants are topped off in every direction, having a wealth of vowel sounds that might suggest Italian—but do not because of something most unmusical in either the voices themselves or the rhythm, or want of rhythm, with which the words are spoken. There used to be an Aberdeenshire stewardess on one of the steamers plying between Granton and the far north, in which, when I was a child, I journeyed backwards and forwards. It was a journey of horrors; sickness, such as the Atlantic never produces—in me, at least; odors numerous and dreadful as those of Cologne; with sundry stereotyped aggravations such as brandy for the interior and mustard for the exterior. But the crowning horror was the Aberdonice of the stewardess, and to this day my stomach rebels against the dialect.

An English visitor at an Aberdeenshire school, was asked to examine the boys in Scripture history. "What was the ultimate fate of Pharaoh?" he inquired. The boys looked blank. Then the schoolmaster turned the English into Aberdonice. "Jemmy, fat was the himmer en' o' Phawraoh?" "He was drowned i' the Red Sea," said Jemmy promptly.

"Margaret," said a minister, in making a parochial visitation, "I hope you're thoroughly ashamed of your sins." "Ashamed o' ma sins (sons)!" cried Margaret. "Fat fur should I be ashamed o' my sins? Na, na, I'm prood o' them; and gin it werena for thae cutties o' dochters, I might be *over* prood o' ma sins."

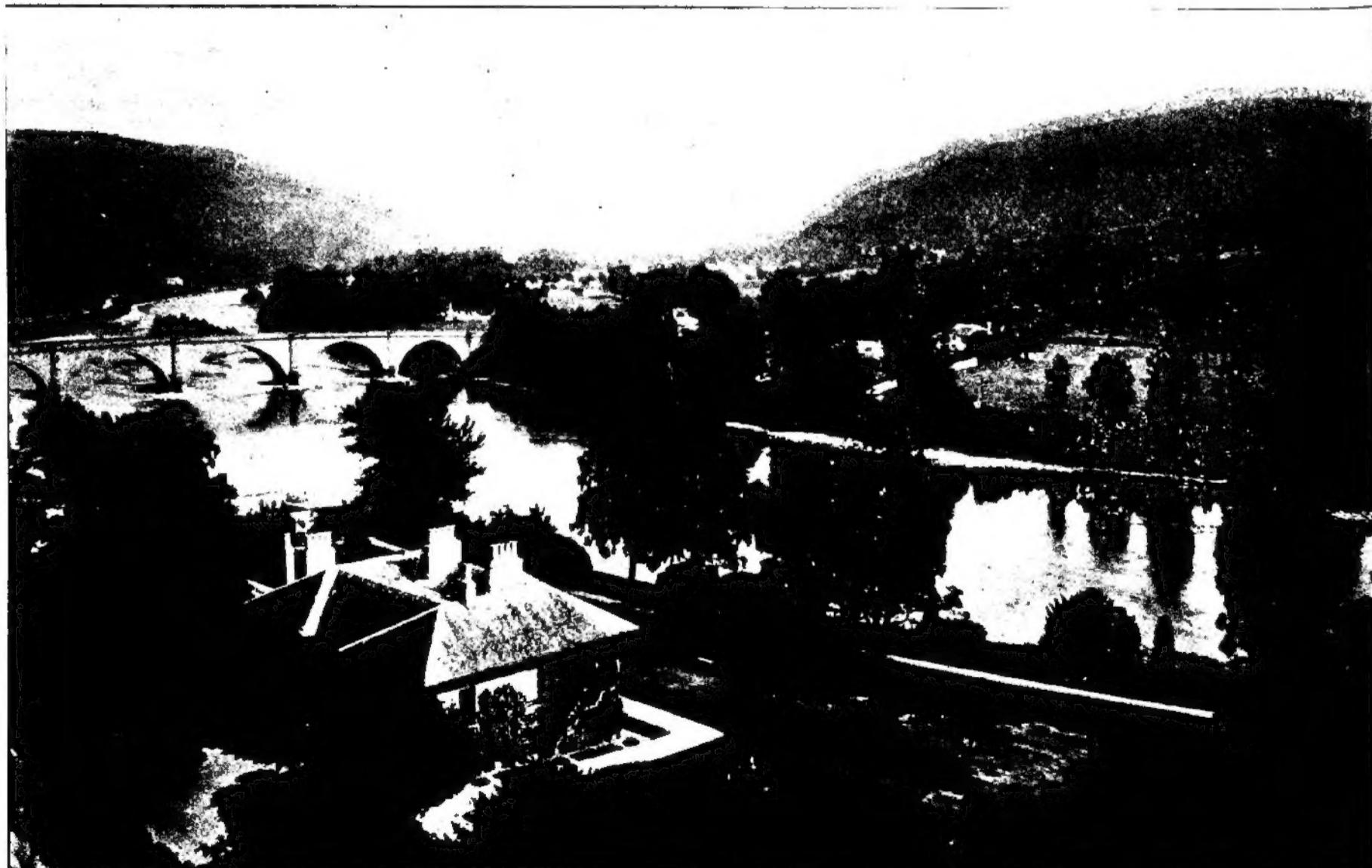
"Fat fur" (what for) or "Fat" seems to begin half the questions asked. We arrived at a time when fair weather had been publicly prayed for (I cannot imagine that rain has ever to be prayed for in Scotland.) "What did I tell ye, Dawvidina, 'ooman?" triumphantly says one gossip to another, pointing to the heavens where the blue is certainly appearing. "What did I tell ye un?" asks Dawvidina drily. "That the Lord hears prayer."

"Ay," says Dawvidina "but he taks his time. The prayers was offert on Sabbath last, and this is

no' bit Teesday; so it culdn't be that." "Fat fur no," retorts gossip number one, "whin it was the auld doactor hissel that prayed?"

"Fat fur?" you and I may well ask, O, fellow pilgrim, as wandering through the old Cathedral and university city, we come to the noble Gothic pile of St. Machar's, mutilated, like all the other ancient holy places in Scotland, by the zeal of the Reformers. The Bishopric of Aberdeen is older than the Conquest. In 1004, Malcolm II founded a See at Mortlach in Banffshire, in memory of a great victory over the Danes. David I transferred the seat of it to Aberdeen, and in 1153 a new charter was granted by Malcolm IV to the then Bishop. The Cathedral of St. Machar was begun in 1366. "The dean and chapter—Barbour, the venerable poet of the Bruce, being one of the dignitaries—taxed themselves for the fabric in sixty pounds annually for ten years; the Bishopric surrendered certain revenues, which were worth probably about twice that sum, and the Pope in 1380 made a liberal grant of indulgences to all the faithful who should stretch forth a helping arm to the work. But all these appliances availed only to raise the foundation of the nave a few feet above ground. Forty years passed before Bishop Henry Leighton (1422-1440) reared the two western towers, completed the nave, and founded the northern transept. His successor, Bishop Lindsay, paved and roofed the edifice, and it was glazed by Bishop Spiers. The pious Elphinstone—one of those prelates who, in their munificent acts and their laborious and saintly lives, showed to the Scottish church in her corruption and decay the glorious image of her youth—built the great central tower and wooden spire, provided the great bells and covered the roofs of the nave, aisles and transepts with lead. Bishop Gavin Dunbar—a meet successor to Elphinstone—built the southern transept, and gave to the nave the flat ceiling of panelled oak which still remains with its eight and forty shields, glittering with the heraldries of the Pope, the Emperor, St. Margaret, the kings and princes of Christendom, the bishops and the earls of Scotland."

The choir seems never to have been finished, and of the transept only the foundations remain, but the nave is nearly perfect, and its west front



VIEW FROM CATHEDRAL TOWER, DUNKELD.



DUNKELD CATHEDRAL, FROM THE RIVER.

with 'two lofty spires, is stately in its simplicity. The great central tower was undermined during the Revolution by Cromwell's soldiers, and, about thirty years later, gave way, crushing the transept in its full.

An old chronicle tells how the Reformers "came riding into Sauet Machar his kirk" and what deeds they did there. The wanton "hewing down of the carved work thereof" and the defacing of what was left with plaster, was surely the very wantonness of destruction. At the taking of Constantinople, when the Turks became masters of St. Sophia—that magnificent church whose glory made its builder, Justinian, exclaim, "I have surpassed thee, O Solomon!"—they covered with whitewash the beautiful walls of gold and mosaics. I mean not to be disrespectful to the Reformers when I say that Scotland can furnish many parallel cases.

A little south of the Cathedral is King's College,* founded in 1494 by William Elphinstone, Bishop of Aberdeen and Lord Chancellor of Scotland in the reign of James III. It is a stately fabric, built in the form of a square, with cloisters on the south side. Scotland owes its preservation to its spirited principal, who, when the Barons, after devastating the Cathedral, advanced upon the University, armed his men and so well defended it that even the original fittings of the choir are in perfect preservation. The steeple is mantled with a double cross arch, above which is an imperial crown, supported by four stone pillars. In the chapel are the tombs of the founder and of Hector Boethius, the first principal. The crown which, a hundred feet from the ground, surmounts the tower on the west side of the library, is a perfectly unique specimen of architecture. "No other building in Scotland," says Mr. Billings, in his *Baronial and Ecclesiastical Antiquities of Scotland*, "exhibits the same cloister-like repose as the old college. The architecture is peculiar. In wandering about its precincts, one enters mouldering court-yards, or cloistered-neuks, which more forcibly brings us back to the Scotland of the Stewarts, than they would were they either more ruinous or kept in more distinctly high repair. The great glory of King's College is the woodwork of its chapel. The carving throughout is of the most gorgeous and delicate kind, and it is as clean and sharp as if it were fresh from the knife."

Aberdeen recalls Byron, as Ayrshire, Burns, and the Tweed—and many a place besides—Scott. The Brig of Don, celebrated in the tenth canto of *Don Juan*, is about a mile from Old Aberdeen.

*Marischal College in New Aberdeen, was in 1759 united with King's as one university. The buildings are modern.

"As 'Auld lang syne' brings Scotland one and all,
Scotch plaids, Scotch snoods, the blue hills and clear
streams,
The Dee, the Don, Balgownie's Brig's black wall,
All my boy feelings, all my gentler dreams,
Of what I then dreamt clothed in their own pall,
Like Banquo's offspring;—floating past me, seems
My childhood, in this childishness of mind:
I care not—'tis a glimpse of 'Auld lang syne.'"

"The Brig of Don," adds the poet in a note, "near the Auld Town of Aberdeen, with its one arch, and black, deep salmon stream below, is in my memory as yesterday. I still remember, though perhaps I may misquote, the awful proverb which made me pause to cross it, and yet lean over it with childish delight, being an only son, at least by the mother's side. The saying as recollected by me, was this—but I have never heard nor seen it since I was nine years of age:—

"'Brig of Balgownie, black's your wa',
Wi' ae wife's a son, and a mare's ae foal,
Doon ye shall fa'!'"

The bridge is said to have been built by Robert I., and consists of a single Gothic arch, resting on a rock on each side.

With our tribute to the poet let us close our wanderings of to-day. We ask a cabman to take us to the house in Brand street in which Byron lived when a boy; and he mounts his box, but slowly; we suspect he has never heard of house or poet. But we are wrong. "On ay, meur," he says, when questioned. "but I'm thinkin' ye canna ken what a widdy-fou (gallows-bird) he wuz. Fat fur should onybody gang to see whar he lived. There's some believes (an' I winna say but I may be o' the num'ur myself) that he was naethin' mair nor less than a manifestawtion o' Sawtan i' the flesh. Noo, if ye wad like to see a bit o' a poopit that ance belonged to John Kn—"

But one of my fellow-pilgrims commands silence. "Drive on!" she cries.

"To the poopit?" asks Jehu.

"No!" roared my reckless companion. "To the house o' the manifestawtion o' Sawtan i' the flesh!"

A. M. MACLEOD.

MARTELLO TOWER, POINT FREDERICK.—This venerable relic of the old war days had a narrow escape from destruction by fire on the 14th inst.; by strenuous effort was saved before a great deal of damage had been done. The Tower is a well-known land-mark to Kingstonians, and dates back to the early years of the century. The first works on the Point were a breastwork of logs and earth, enclosing a block house, and which was burnt about 1820 and replaced by the Tower shown in our illustration.

The Flag of England.

KIPLING'S ANSWER TO LONDON "TRUTH."

Winds of the World, give answer! They are whimpering to and fro—
And what should they know of England who only England know?
The poor little street-bred people that vapour and fume and brag,
They are lifting their heads in the stillness to yelp at the English Flag.

The North Wind blew: "From Bergen my steel-shod vanguards go:
I chase your lazy whalers home from the Disko floe;
By the Great North Lights above me I work the will of God,
And the liner splits on the ice field or the Dogger fills with cod

The lean white bear hath seen it in the long, long, Arctic night,
The musk ox knows the standard that flouts the Northern Light;
What is the Flag of England? Ye have but my bergs to dare,
Ye have but my drifts to conquer. Go forth, for it is there!"

The South Wind sighed: "From the Virgins my midsea course was ta'en
Over a thousand islands lost in an idle main,
Where the sea egg flames on the coral and the long backed breakers croon
Their endless ocean legends to the lazy, locked lagoon.

My basking sunfish know it, and wheeling albatross,
Where the lone wave fills with fire beneath the Southern Cross.

What is the Flag of England? Ye have but my reefs to dare,
Ye have but my seas to furrow. Go forth, for it is there!"

The East Wind roared: "From the Kuriles, the Bitter Seas, I come,
And me men call the Home Wind, for I bring the English home.
Look—look well to your shipping! By the breadth of my mad typhoon
I swept your close packed Praya and beached your best at Kowloon!"

The desert dust hath dimmed it, the flying wild ass knows,
The scared white leopard winds it across the taintless snows.
What is the Flag of England? Ye have but my sun to dare,
Ye have but my sands to travel. Go forth, for it is there?"

The West Wind called: "In' squadrons the thoughtless galleons fly
That bear the wheat and cattle lest street-bred people die.
They make my might their porter, they make my house their path,
And I loose my neck from their service and whelm them all in my wrath.

But whether in calm or wrack wreath, whether by dark or day,
I heave them whole to the conger, or rip their plates away.
First of the scattered legions, under a shrieking sky,
Dipping between the rollers, the English Flag goes by.

The dead dumb fog hath wrapped it—the frozen dews have kissed—
The naked stars have seen it, a fellow star in the mist.
What is the Flag of England? Ye have but my breath to dare.
Ye have but my waves to conquer. Go forth, for it is there!"

RUDYARD KIPLING.

[The above spirited lines by Rudyard Kipling are in reply to some infamous verses which recently appeared in the radical sheet yclept "Truth" (?). The verses were a disgrace to English literature. The most degraded newspaper in Canada or the United States would not have published such a travesty on national honour.]

The Anvil Rock, St. Martins, N.B.

On the Bay of Fundy, about 30 miles above St. John, is the village of St. Martins, set in a break in the lofty cliffs. These abound in waterworn caves and curious out-croppings of various strata, with occasional veins of valuable ores. About a mile distant from the village is a fantastic formation styled "The Anvil Rock," from its appearance when approached from the water. To the shore, however, it presents the more remarkable contour of a human head with three distinct faces in profile.

St. Martins, formerly known as Quaco, from an Indian term denoting the home of the seacow, has been famous for the number and success of the ships built and managed there. Some lumbering is yet carried on, but it is now chiefly important as a very pleasant seaside resort and the seat of a large Union Baptist seminary.

BRITAIN, CANADA AND THE STATES.

A Study of Fiscal Conditions.—Part II.

If almost prohibitive duties in the United States, and heavy protective tariffs in all the other civilized countries of the world, are to be looked forward to as in all probability the most pronounced features of the early history of the next century, what is the only beneficial course open for adoption by Great Britain and her colonies? The answer is now coming from hundreds of different sources, and is apparently to be found in a combination within the Empire for fiscal defence, and warm co-operation for commercial advancement.

Mr. Marshall's resolution in the session of 1888 in the Dominion House of Commons embodies the Canadian view of the subject, namely:

"That the establishment of mutually favourable trade relations between Great Britain and her colonies would benefit the agricultural, mining, lumber and other industries of the latter, and would strengthen the Empire by building up its dependencies;" while the Fair trade resolution to the following effect, passed in the meeting of the Union of Conservative Associations at Oxford in 1887, appears to represent the sentiments of a large and rapidly increasing number of people in the British Isles:

Resolved, "that the continued depression in trade and agriculture renders speedy reform in the policy of the United Kingdom as regards foreign imports and the influx of indigent foreigners a matter of vital necessity to the people of Great Britain and Ireland." The motion was carried by a vote of 1,000 to 11.

Following this came the "Report of the Royal Commission on the Depression of Trade and Industry" in 1887, with its vivid illustrations of the effect of foreign tariffs upon British trade.

The minority report, signed by such men as the Earl of Dunraven, Mr. W. Farrer Ecroyd, M.P., Mr. Neville Lubbock and others, is especially noteworthy. After an exhaustive description of what the writers believed to be the causes of the existing depression, and of the enormous losses suffered during recent years by the farmers of the United Kingdom, the report pointed out the growth of the Colonies in population, wealth and enterprise; the fact of Australasia, with 3,100,000 inhabitants, taking \$119,475,000 of British manufactures in 1884, against \$122,220,000 purchased by the 60 millions of people in the United States, and proceeded to urge the following suggestion, which, it will be seen, embodies the same principle as the resolutions already quoted, and constitutes the policy now known as Imperial Reciprocity.

This is the proposition:

"Specific duties, equal to about 10 per cent. on a low range of values, imposed upon the import from foreign countries of those articles of food which India and the colonies are well able to produce."

And this the comment:

"It would, of course, involve the abolition of the heavy duties on tea, coffee, cocoa and dried fruits which are now levied on Indian and colonial, equally with foreign produce;" while such "a slightly preferential treatment of the food products of India and the Colonies over those of foreign nations would, if adopted as a permanent system, gradually but certainly direct the flow of food growing capital and labour more towards our own dependencies and less towards the United States than heretofore. What is even more important, it could not fail to draw closer all portions of the Empire in the bond of mutual interests and thus pave the way towards a more effective union for great common objects."

This then is the policy which so many now have in view: these are the principles which they desire to see spread throughout the length and breadth of Canada and the Empire, and it is the adoption of such a policy which will elevate our country to the position of power and prosperity which she must and will attain.

But it is said to be impossible; that Great Britain will never give up free trade, and that we are battling for some chimera which can never be achieved. A favourite result of ignorance regarding the state of British politics is the quotation of Lord Salisbury's utterance of a few years since, "that a return to protection in England would involve civil war." This statement was of course very much modified by its surroundings, but the most satisfactory reply to any possible criticism is the following official letter, dated April 5th, 1887:

"I am directed by the Marquis of Salisbury to acknowledge receipt of your letter of the 3rd inst. I am to reply that Lord Salisbury does not imagine that differential duties in favour of our colonies, whatever may be said for or against them, can properly be described under the term 'Protection.'

Not to dwell too long upon this branch of the subject, the more recent utterance of the Imperial Premier at the Guild Hall on 10th November, 1890, is sufficiently explicit and stamps him in the words of the London *Daily News* as being favourable to an Imperial zollverein: "We are anxious above all things to conserve, to unify, to strengthen the Empire of the Queen, because it is to the trade that is carried on within the Empire that we look for vital force to the commerce of this country."

Well may Lord Salisbury desire some relief for industrial and agricultural England and Ireland, and term the battle of tariffs "the world conflict of the future;" well may Mr. Gladstone lament the continued progress of protection and his inability to understand the McKinley Bill, and wise indeed was the late Lord Carnarvon to urge that the closer the commercial union with the colonies the more likely it was that the people of England would act in legitimate self-defence.

The present condition of Great Britain, as already stated, is peculiar. Ninety millions of pounds worth of agricultural produce is imported from foreign countries, which, with high tariffs, attempt to shut out British manufactures; while, as if expressly to illustrate the beauties of a free import policy, we find that in 1886, 46 million pounds worth of manufactures was imported from Russia, Germany, France, Holland, Belgium and the United States, while 43½ millions only were exported to those countries. To show the nature of this loss from protective tariffs take the United States trade figures alone.

| | American exports to the United Kingdom. | American imports from the United Kingdom. |
|-----------|---|---|
| 1850..... | \$ 68,365,073 | \$ 74,632,158 |
| 1889..... | 379,990,131 | 178,269,067 |

Then remember the famous statement of Mr. Cobden in 1845, that: "You might as well tell me the sun will not rise to-morrow as tell me that foreign nations will not adopt Free trade in less than ten years from now," and contrast with the majority report of the Royal Commission already referred to, wherein allusion is made to "the protectionist policy of so many foreign countries which has become more marked during the last 10 years than at any previous period." Again, look at Adam Smith in the "Wealth of Nations," saying that, "If the importation of foreign cattle were made ever so free, so few could be imported that the grazing trade of Great Britain could be little affected by it," or alleging that "the small quantity of foreign grain imported, even in times of greatest scarcity, may satisfy our farmers that they can have nothing to fear from the freest competition," and remember the 600 millions worth of grain, cattle, &c., now imported yearly into the United Kingdom.

The following table gives a vivid description of the small comparative progress which Great Britain has made in recent years; adds enormously to the force of the fair trader's argument that a duty should be placed upon the produce and goods of those countries which do not trade on favourable terms with the United Kingdom; and affords a startling commentary upon the alleged increase of trade in free importing Britain. All the other countries mentioned are protectionist.

| | 1870. | 1885. | Increase. |
|------------------|-------------------|---------------|---------------|
| United States. | \$392,310,000 | \$756,960,000 | \$364,650,000 |
| Holland..... | 159,155,000 | 370,530,000 | 211,375,000 |
| Germany (1872) | 580,155,000 | 715,075,000 | 134,920,000 |
| Belgium..... | 138,020,000 | 240,000,000 | 101,980,000 |
| Austro-Hungary | 197,705,000 | 280,035,000 | 82,330,000 |
| Great Britain... | 997,930,000 | 1065,220,000 | 67,295,000 |
| Total..... | \$55,500,000, 55½ | " | " |

The round figures given below of certain increases in the imports during the same period will be of interest:

| | |
|--------------------------|-------------------------------------|
| Cotton manufactures..... | \$ 6,000,000, 6 million of dollars. |
| Glass..... | 3,500,000, 3½ " |
| Iron..... | 12,500,000, 12½ " |
| Paper..... | 3,500,000, 3½ " |
| Sugar (refined)..... | 10,000,000, 10 " |
| Woollen..... | 20,000,000, 20 " |
| Total..... | \$55,500,000, 55½ " |

Is it any wonder, in view of this enormous increase of manufactured goods imported; the over-production of the industrial centres of the Kingdom; the depreciation in the price of wheat and the value of land; the exodus of agricultural labourers to the cities, and the increase in the number of paupers; the rapidly enhanced population of the country and the decrease of foreign markets for the product of skilled labour, that the leading minds of the day are revolting against the dictum of the Cobden Club and the principles of the last 40 years, and that men like Lord Rosebery, the Rt. Hon. W. H. Smith, Jos. Chamberlain, Lord Aberdeen and many others are within sight of a modification of their views to the extent of accepting a policy of Imperial Reciprocity?

As Mr. Disraeli put it when speaking in the House of Commons in May, 1846, and applying it to-day in a broad Imperial sense: "When their spirit is softened by misfortune they will recur to these principles which made England great, and which, in our belief, can alone keep England great."

As Great Britain has done before she will do again, and as by long experiment and persistent effort; by the most complicated and continuous system of protection ever known; by the large accumulation of wealth and the force of reserved capital; by the talent of her inventors and the effectiveness of her machinery, she attained a position which enabled her to proclaim a system of free imports and draw the commerce of the world within the compass of her maritime supremacy, so now when she no longer finds the markets of the world open to her merchants, or the European or American wars which enabled her to stand aside and grasp the commerce falling from the nerveless hands of the nations: now that she no longer has the enormous expenditure upon railways, military works, telegraphs and governmental works which characterized the middle of this century; now that the expenditure of money by capitalists, who believing England was going to be and to remain the workshop of the world, poured their wealth into the British Islands, has ceased and been transferred elsewhere, it will be found that Great Britain is rapidly reaching a period when she will gladly consider the question of reciprocal trade relations within the Empire.

Toronto, May 5th, 1891.

J. CASTELL HOPKINS.

My Stranger Friend.

Strangers—we met, both in an alien land;
Nor either questioned pedigree or brand.

Sprang he from kings! Of that he made no boast.
Sprang he from serfs! He neither cared to post.

Loved he his native land! He loved alone—
Loved he his home and kin! They were his own.

Unmatched our sympathies, our aims as clear;
Aspiring both, each held the prize as dear.

One bond had we—but one our hearts to twine—
He truly loved his God—his God was mine!

So friendship steady grew, more trustful, strong:
Each day its duty brought—each night its song.

Awhile, life's currents mixed, and sped us on,
Then swerved the tides abrupt—lo, he was gone!

We parted friends. I only knew him true—
He could not that conceal—no more I knew!
Baddeck, C. B.

J. H. PITTMAN.

Old Friends.

"Do you ever see Bobbie Bouncer now?"

"Oh, dear, no! He's far too great a swell! If one pitches into anything he does, he cuts up rough, if you please, and gives one the cold shoulder. Those very successful fellows always do?"

"And Bill Jakes?"

"Poor old stick in the mud! Had to drop him. Doocid sight too fond of telling one the plain truth about one's self, when one's not inclined for it, you know! Always the way with those fellows who don't get on."

Punch.

WHAT'S IN A NAME? (From a correspondent)—Sir, I send you a cutting from a communication of J. Mortimer Granville's to *The Lancet*, No. 3,527, p. 798, which, when found, make a note of: "Instead of thallin I use a periodohydromet hydroxychinolin, because that is better borne and seems to be more effective than the tetrahydro-paraquinol." These two words would be a good pennorth in a telegram. Yours, "Epigrammatist."

Punch.



By J. H. BROWN.

(CONCLUDED.)

"I think the great explorers have yet to be born. Oceans were measureless—they have been crossed. What has enabled man to do it? Science. Think you that if we had the knowledge there is aught that men could not do? First you have dreams, then thoughts about things, then man fulfills his dreams and acts out his thoughts. At present our thoughts travel beyond the fixed stars. Believe me, we shall one day follow them. Is that so very wonderful? What do we need to do it? A little knowledge! Nature, the Sphinx, stands ready to render up her secrets; but we must guess, we must enquire. You talk of the difficulties? Ah yes, difficulties are infinite, but so are conquests over them. Man is fated to go on. But his limited power of adaptation, I hear you remark. Is there any limit to his power of adaptation, I ask. To what varieties of circumstance and condition has he not already adapted himself? What is life but a continued process of adaptation. He cannot now breathe pure ether? He will learn to do so. A compromise will be effected. He must let science take him by the hand. She has made fire, water and electricity his servants. Think you the ether will prove less accommodating? The insoluble problem of sailing it, as you may see, I have solved. This bird that carries you has wings that would take us to Sirius. I am assure of this as Columbus was of his Western continent—as sure as were Adams and Leverrier of the existence of the undiscovered planet of Neptune.

"It is not so wonderful," continued Hermann. "In the infinite there is neither great nor small. Aided by their glimmering intelligence, our semi-savage ancestors learned to cross small, and then larger, streams; to move over hills and mountains; to extend their sway. Even the pathless ocean, with its far-scattered islands, could not shut them in. Braving danger and disaster they still journeyed on. It must always be so. I can as easily believe that mankind will again dwindle to a gipsy clan, as that the shores of earth can hold in their narrow compass this ever-yearning, ever-restless spirit."

"Now it must be time to descend," I said, starting and shaking myself from what seemed almost a dream. "What is our present attitude?"

"We are at this moment 15,000 miles from earth," said Hermann, quietly. "During the last half hour we have been going at the moderate pace of 10,000 miles an hour."

"I was aghast. Gertrude only smiled. "Do you mean to say," I cried, "that we are outside the earth's atmosphere and are still ascending?"

"Exactly so," he replied.

"Seeing my look of horror he went on,—" You see you are perfectly comfortable—we are all perfectly comfortable. Why should we not have come? I have not broken faith with you, for I can still put you back at the spot we started from in three minutes. I knew the "Nautilus" could do it—and we have done it."

"And have you no fear—no anxiety?" I asked.

"Not a particle," he replied. "I know how much pressure the ship will stand. I know the element we travel, and that we are in all things provided for."

"We must return at once," I said, rising and seating myself at Gertrude's side.

"Are you not all afraid, dearest?" I asked her.

"No, I feel quite happy and content," she answered. "I think I shall go to sleep."

"As to returning," said Hermann, "that shall be as you wish. We have, however, just doubled our rate of speed, and if you take my advice we shall continue our journey."

"Continue our journey! Continue our journey whither?" I demanded.

"To the goal of my ambition; to the glorious planet—to Mars."

"Surely you are mad," I declared.

"Look out," was his answer, "in that direction."

We glanced downward, a little to our right. The sky was bright with stars.

In the direction indicated was what seemed a large cloud, chiefly light, but dark in parts.

"What is that?" Gertrude and I asked together.

"That is the earth." And now look above. "Do you see that beautiful star? The large reddish one?"

"Yes."

"That is Mars. Now, you see you are far from the earth. But I can take you to it, as I said, in three minutes. I can take you to Mars in three hours. Don't you want to be the first to be caressed by its happy breezes, to look upon its hills and valleys, to meet the dwellers in that island of the blest?"

"I dare say they are no better off than ourselves," said Gertrude. "But it seems to me we may as well go on. Only a few hours—and how astonished, how delighted our friends will be! And how the world will be electrified. Only think of the newspapers! Don't you think we ought to go, Rudolph?"

"Of course we ought to go," said Hermann, breaking in,—"If you decide to return, I shall take you back, but to-morrow I shall start out alone. I am determined to do this thing. I can do it easily; but I should like you two, of all persons in the world, to step with me upon Mars."

"But you cannot possibly make this step," I urged. "The planet's attraction would draw us with such frightful velocity that we should all be dust as soon as we touched it."

"How did you suppose then that we could return to the earth?" asked Hermann in surprise. "Why, we can resist the attraction. That was one of the first things to be accomplished. O no, I don't run to destruction in that easy way."

"And you can reach Mars in three hours?" I said, wavering.

"In just two hours and forty-five minutes—he looked at his watch—"you may have done what no one else has done."

"Say yes, Rudolph," Gertrude murmured.

"She seemed very snug and comfortable, and was already half asleep. I felt that it would be almost unkind to oppose her."

"In heaven's name let us do it," I said, relapsing into my seat. "Not for our own sakes, but for the sake of advancing knowledge and the race to which we belong."

"That's the way to regard it," said Hermann, beaming with pleasure. "We shall be all right. If we don't like Mars we can start for home at once."

"And now, don't you too want a little nap?" he added. "Gertrude you see is slumbering peacefully. I shall keep watch. If you sleep long enough you may awake on the red planet."

"Drowsiness had been closing in upon me. I therefore acquiesced willingly in his suggestion, and settled myself in an easy position. A few minutes later I was in the land of dreams.

"It seemed to me that I had scarcely fallen asleep when I became conscious of a hand gently stroking my hair, and awaking, I found Gertrude at my side. Hermann was sitting peering through one of the circular glasses.

"We are almost there," said Gertrude, as I started to my feet. "I knew you would wish to witness our arrival, though Hermann wanted to land first and then surprise you."

"By this time we were both at Hermann's side and gazing eagerly out.

"There was the earth again below us, the same and yet not the same.

"Is this Mars?" I asked, rubbing my eyes and glancing at Hermann, who had not changed his position of keen observation.

"This is Mars—this is the new world," he answered, without moving a muscle.

"Our three faces were immediately glued to the glass. It was a beautiful morning, and we were not a mile from the planet. Each moment objects became more and more distinct. The region we were approaching seemed a fairly level, populous tract of country. Here were the familiar meandering streams, the wooded hills, the clustering villages and towns. There was a striking difference, however, from the earth we remembered. Here the air was suffused with an extremely delicate crimson, which when attenuated became blue. The fields seemed green, but it was not the greenness of our own planet. It was a colour which suggested the rosebush in crowded blossom. It was green with a curious blending of the rarest pink. It made us think of 'climes of the East and of lands of the sun.' It was strangely beautiful, but we could not at once prefer it to our own sweet harmony of emerald and azure."

"We appeared to be descending in the centre of a large city. Hermann steered for an open space

which he took to be a park. Gertrude had remarked the absence of spires and turrets. The architecture of the buildings was not, in fact, at all like our own. Though there seemed to be variety enough, there was not that exhibition of individual taste and preference we meet with on our own planet. There did not appear to be any hovels and mansions side by side. On the contrary the many buildings, which lay in spacious squares and quadrangles, and in curious circles, stars and crosses, though different, were similarly beautiful and attractive. It was our intention to take time to study them, had it not been for the calamity that befell us, and which, leaving me widowed, hastened our return to the earth.

"As we came near the ground we saw that a great crowd had gathered to behold our descent. In a moment we had touched with a slight rebound. A hundred hands grasped the air-ship, and we looked upon a thousand strange and interesting faces. In another moment we stood before a race of beings of a similar development to our own, though of larger stature, and with a serenity of countenance strangely alien to the races that we knew.

"Those in the foreground fell back as we appeared, and while Hermann fastened the "Nautilus," Gertrude and I stood side by side, bearing the scrutiny of the majestic and kindly people, whose shores we had visited.

"Never were wandering strangers more hospitably received. While we stood admiring the grand proportions and calmly beautiful faces of this Martian crowd (there was not an ignoble or vulgar countenance among them) they nodded and smiled and made friendly gestures towards us. So cordial were these greetings that we involuntarily smiled at each other.

"How beautiful and kind they seem," said Gertrude.

"What perfect men and women," ejaculated Hermann.

The sexes were in fact about equally represented. There were youths and maidens, mature men and women who had long passed their meridian. But alike in old and young there was the same calm beauty, the same absence of disfiguring passion, the same simple dignity and repose. They were darker than our race, but their skin was of so rich and clear a texture that it seemed not that they were darker, but as if a people like our own had been given a more generous stream of life. They were attired mainly in white, though many wore coloured garments. These were light and flowing, and more than anything else reminded us of the costumes of the early Greeks.

"We had scarcely time to note these particulars when four persons—two men and two women—came towards us as if for conference. When they were directly before us all four nodded and smiled in the same friendly manner, and we, of course, nodded and smiled in return.

"Our first attempts at conversation were foredoomed to failure. Though Hermann was versed in many languages, of this deep and musical tongue he had not the slightest knowledge. Until now we could not have guessed the capacity for expression of the human voice. Here was an instrument on which the subtlest shades of feeling rose and fell with a depth and sweetness that was almost melodious.

"The women spoke to Gertrude, and she and they, in laughing pantomime, confessed their powerlessness to communicate by speech.

"One of the men pointed to the air-ship, with a word which I do not now recall, and then pointed to the sky. We also pointed upward, and waved our hands to indicate that we had come through the air from far away. They smiled with a sort of intelligent appreciation, as if they both understood and admired.

"As they evinced some curiosity about the air-ship, Hermann led the way to its interior. They examined the mechanism of the vessel, observing the related parts with an attention which betrayed considerable interest, making now and again soft, satisfied comments, as if each thing was what they had expected it to be, and was not at all surprising. Hermann wondered as he regarded them whether

they were accustomed to aerial navigation. He learned afterwards that such was the case, though, strange to say, their visits had so far been confined to the satellites of the larger planets.

"On coming out of the "Nautilus," I noticed that Gertrude was leaning against one of the Martian ladies, whose arm was thrown affectionately about her. Delighted at what seemed the sudden formation of a friendship, I was about to say so, when she turned toward me and I saw that she was being supported by her new friend, and that her face was ghastly pale.

"Dear Rudolph," she said, and her voice trembled and fell, "I do not feel—I think I had better"—the words ceased, and the next moment she would have fallen to the ground had she not been held by the strong-armed, graceful woman at her side. This lady quietly took Gertrude in her arms and moved swiftly away with her. The other Martian lady made a gesture to intimate that we should follow, and, the crowd parting to let us pass, we soon found ourselves in a sort of kiosk or summer-house. Here Gertrude was laid on what I shall call a sofa, for want of a better name, and restoratives were applied. She soon opened her beautiful eyes, and at once fixed them on me.

"Rudolph," she said, holding out her hand.

"Are you better, darling?" I asked. I was terribly anxious, and full of self-accusations.

"O yes," she said, and her voice was still weak. "It was merely a sudden faintness. I shall soon be better."

"In about ten minutes she was able to stand up, but she complained of dizziness and could not walk.

The two Martian ladies (there were several more outside the door) had been most tenderly assiduous in their care, and now the one who had carried Gertrude took her up again. She led the way as before and we followed. We crossed the park and went some distance along a street, which was as wide as a square. I noted little. I had eyes only for the dear girl who was being borne along helpless in the arms of this gracious stranger. Hermann walked sadly by my side. We were both oppressed by the weight of a dread presentiment. Gertrude was carried through a broad doorway of a circular mass of building in brown stone. I was soon beside my darling, where she lay on a couch in a handsome chamber, which was filled with light from a wide casement fronting on the street.

"O Jack, there is little more to tell! That night Gertrude grew worse, and the next day she was not any better. She was feverish and the fever increased. I was crazed with apprehension, and could not bear to be parted from her even for an hour. Poor Hermann felt almost as badly. He bitterly reproached himself for what he had done, assuming the whole responsibility for Gertrude's illness. Everything our host could do for her was done, yet I think her chances of recovery would have been greater had she been at home. Though the Martian physicians seemed very wise and kind, I do not think they knew much about the forms of disease which assail people of our planet. For their wisdom and kindness did not avail. After seven days of gradual but sure decline my darling died in my arms.

"It is the beginning of something better, Rudolph," she said, a little before she died, "and one day we shall all know it."

"I clung to the dear, dead body and wept. By force they carried me away from her. I wanted to die and be buried with her. To go with her wherever she had gone."

"She lies buried by the side of a gentle hill, in a field of many coloured flowers, with varieties of hue such as are not seen on earth. Near her is a grove of willows, and at a short distance a little brook runs rippling with a sound of silvery sweetness. A simple cross marks her grave, on which is this inscription:

"GERTRUDE SCHERRER,
Beloved wife of Rudolph Graham,
Born on Earth, April 1868,
Died on Mars, October, 1889."

"With the Martians incineration is the custom, but they readily granted me the privilege of burial.

It seemed to me I should always like to think of my darling lying out there among the flowers beneath the beautiful sky of Mars, which she had looked on for so short a time. Yet I knew she was not there. And oh Jack, Jack, the love that is stronger than death will surely again unite us!

"Of course we were obliged to return to Earth at once. It was necessary that Gertrude's friends should be informed of her death. During her illness Hermann had learned something of the Martian language, though not much. When our intention to set out for Earth immediately was made known to the Martians, one of them, a sort of reporter, though something very different from the terrestrial genus, offered to accompany us. Hermann seemed pleased to have him. As for me, I was indifferent. But he came. He is here now. I left him and Hermann an hour ago to come to you. The excitement in the city consequent upon our arrival with such a companion you may imagine. It is more easily imagined than described."

"My poor Rudolph! my poor Rudolph!" I said, taking his arm. "Let us return to my room for a little while. This is very sad, very wonderful—"

As I turned round my foot struck against a stone, and I stumbled. I heard a loud noise behind me, and, looking up, I found that I had fallen from the sofa. The room was in a semi-twilight, and two figures were standing at the open door. I heard a voice saying in a lazy, slow contralto, "Azelma has brought you a letter Jack, and I think it is the one you expected from your friend Rudolph Graham."

My realistic tale remains to be written—but it shall be done. To show the marvels of the Real as in a crystal mirror—that shall be my aim. And I mean to set to work upon it at once.

[THE END.]

Literary and Personal Notes.

Lord Tennyson invariably drinks his wine as it comes from the cellar; he never has it decanted. He is very fond of port.

A peculiar taste of Her Majesty the Queen is to eat powdered cinnamon with nearly all kinds of food. A small silvered dish containing the spice and sugar always figures on the Royal table at every meal.

Mr. James Payn, the indefatigable writer of a hundred volumes, takes very little, if any, exercise, and has never enjoyed a holiday devoid of literary cares in his life. He is an incessant smoker and coffee-drinker, and a great hand at whist.

Cassell & Co. have published Mr. Sladen's "Younger American Poets" this week, and the Minerva Company of New York brought out his "Art of Travel" last week. Mr. Sladen is leaving New York for London, where he has taken a residence.

Mr. Walter Besant is a man of medium height, active in his movements, with a penetrating voice and pleasant smile, dark grey eyes, firm mouth and a thick beard. His study at Hampstead is lined with books on every side. A door opens out into the garden, so that when he wants a brief rest from labour he can take a turn, and come back with renewed zest. He writes on blue paper (large sermon-size), in a neat, small hand. His mornings are always spent in work. Four or five times a week he goes into town, lunches and transacts business at the Society of Authors, or elsewhere.

Lord Lansdowne and "Canada First."

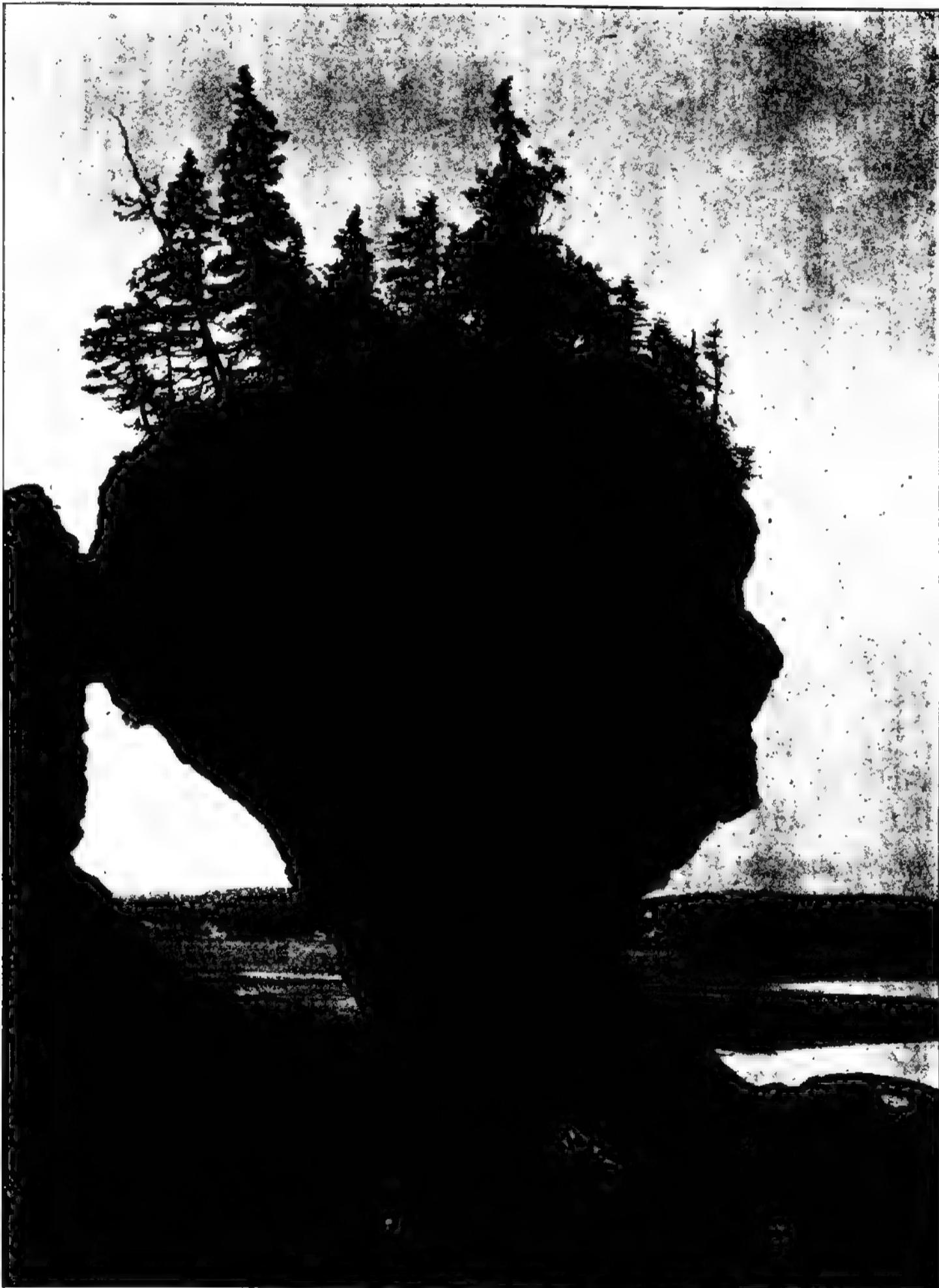
That our late Governor-General, Lord Lansdowne, continues to keep himself *en rapport* with Canadian public opinion is evidenced by the following note received by Mr. Morgan, of this city, some days since:

{ GOVERNMENT HOUSE,
{ CALCUTTA, 28th February, 1891.

DEAR MR. MORGAN,—I am very much obliged to you for your kind thought of sending me a copy of your memorial of Mr. William A. Foster. The book has a special interest for me in view of the present position of affairs in the Dominion, which I am watching as closely as I am able at such a distance.

I am yours very truly,
(Sd.) LANSDOWNE
Henry J. Morgan, Esq., Ottawa.

—Ottawa Free Press.



THE ANVIL ROCK, ST. MARTINS, N.B.
(Mr. L. Allison, Amateur photo.)



AKAINAMAUK, (Many Guns *Blackfoot*)



CHIEF SKA-NA-WA-DIH, *Onondaga*.



CHIEF MOSES HILL, *Tuscarora*.



CHIEF WILLIAM WAGE, *Cayuga*.



"CHIEFSWOOD," RESIDENCE
OF
TYPES OF INDIANS ON
OUR IROQUOIS



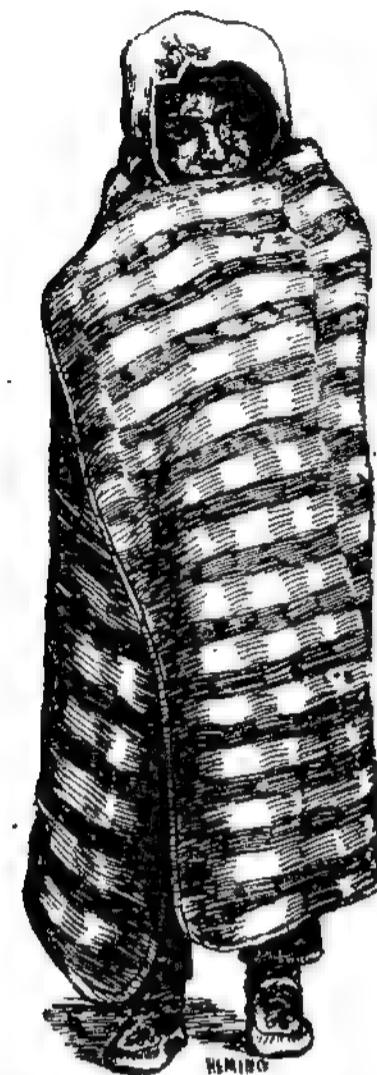
CHIEF DAVID HILL, *Seneca*.



CHIEF G. H. M. JOHNSON, *Mohawk*



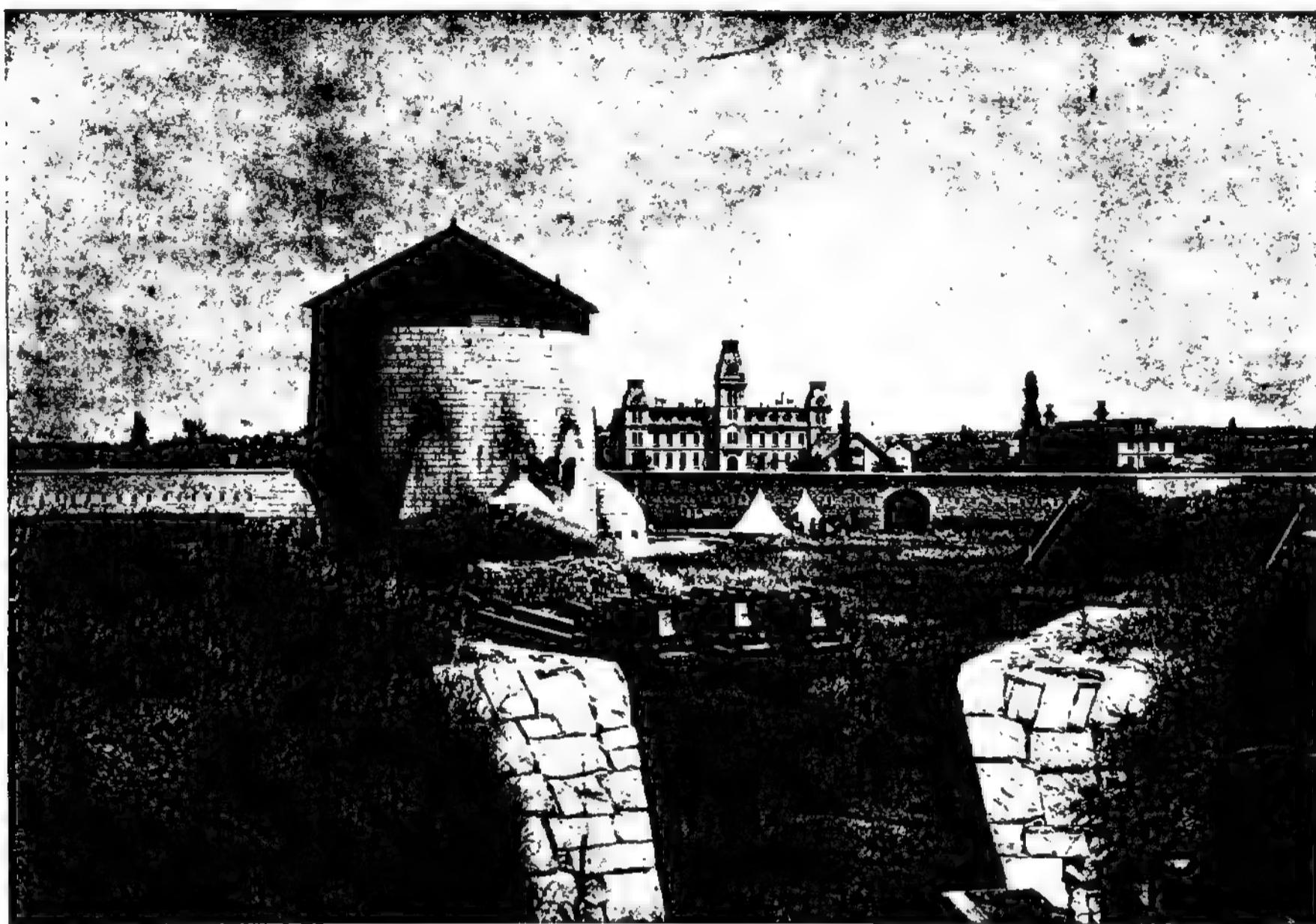
RESERVE, ONT.
G. H. M. JOHNSON.
QUOIS EVER RESERVE, ONT.
COMPATRIOTS.



STSTOKIS, (Fire Ear) *Oneida*



CHIEF HENRY CLENCH, *Oneida*



MARTELLO TOWER AT FORT FREDERIC, NEAR KINGSTON, DAMAGED BY FIRE. 14th MAY.

Incidents in the Early Military History of Canada, IV.

With Extracts from the Journals of the Officer commanding the Queen's Rangers
During the War—1755 to 1763.

A Lecture delivered on the 12th January, 1891, by Lieut.-Col. R. Z. ROGERS, 40th Battalion—
Lieut.-Col. W. D. OTTER, President, in the Chair.

(Continued from page 465.)

A safe landing was, however, effected and the boats and a store of provisions were concealed and two trus'y Indians left to watch the same from a safe distance.

Then commenced a march through 80 miles of unbroken wilderness. To convey an idea of the difficulties encountered, I must read from the original report, page 145:

"It happened the second day after I left them these two Indians came up to me in the evening and informed me that about 400 French had discovered and taken my boats, and that about one-half of them were hotly pursuing on my track. This unlucky circumstance (it may well be supposed) put us into some consternation. Should the enemy overtake us, and we get the better of them in an encounter, yet, being so far advanced into their country, where no reinforcements could possibly reach us, and where they could be supported by any number they pleased, afforded little hopes of escaping their hands. Our boats being taken, cut off all hope of retreat by them; besides, the loss of our provisions, left with them, of which we knew we should have great need at any rate, even in case we survived, was a melancholy consideration. It was, however, resolved to prosecute our design at all hazards, and when we had accomplished it to attempt a retreat (the only possible way we could think of) by way of Fort No. 4, on the Connecticut River. This being done, we determined, if possible, to outmarch our pursuers and effect our design upon St. Francis before they could overtake us. We marched nine days through wet, sunken ground, the water most of the way near a foot deep, it being a spruce bog. When we encamped at night we had no way to secure ourselves from the water but by cutting the boughs of trees and with them erecting a kind of hammock. We

commonly began our march a little before day and continued it till after dark at night.

"The tenth day after leaving Missisquey Bay, we came to a river 15 miles above the town of St. Francis to the south of it, and the town being on the opposite, or east side, we were obliged to ford it, which was attended with no small difficulty, the water being five feet deep and the current swift.

"I put the tallest men up stream, and then holding by each other we got over with the loss of several of our guns, some of which we recovered by diving to the bottom for them.

"The 22nd day after my departure from Crown Point, I came in sight of the Indian town of St. Francis in the evening, which I discovered from a tree that I climbed at about three miles distance.

"Here I halted my party, which now consisted of 142 men, officers included, being reduced to that number by accident and those I had sent back.

"At eight o'clock this evening I left the detachment and took with me Lt. Turner and Ensign Avery and went to reconnoiter the town, which I did to my satisfaction, and found the Indians in a high frolic or dance. I returned to my party at two o'clock, and at three o'clock marched it to within 500 yards of the town, where I lightened the men of their packs and formed them for the attack. At half an hour before sunrise I surprised the town on the right, left and centre, which was done with so much alacrity by both officers and men that the enemy had not time to recover themselves or take arms for their defence till they were chiefly destroyed, except some few of them who took to the

water. About 40 of my people pursued them and sunk both them and their boats. I little after sunrise I set fire to all their houses except three in which there was corn that I reserved for the use of my own party. The fire consumed many of the Indians, who had concealed themselves in the cellars and lofts of their houses.

"About seven o'clock in the morning the affair was completely over, by which time we had killed at least 200 Indians and taken 15 or 20 women and children prisoners, whom I let go their way. I also retook five English captives, whom I took under my care. When I had paraded my detachment, I found I had Captain Ogden badly wounded in the body, but not so as to hinder him from doing duty. I also had six men slightly wounded, and one Stockbridge Indian killed.

"This nation of Indians (the Abenakis) was notoriously attached to the French, and had for near a century past harassed the frontier of New England, killing people of all ages and sexes in a most barbarous manner at a time they did not in the least expect them; and, to my knowledge, in six years' time had carried into captivity and killed on the before-mentioned frontiers 400 persons. We found in the town, hanging on poles over their doors, etc., about 600 scalps, mostly English."

It being known that a large body of French were in close pursuit, little time was spent in loading their packs with Indian corn and in hasty preparation for the return march by Fort Charlestown, or "No. 4," as it was then called, being the most northerly English settlement on the Connecticut River and 200 miles distant from St. Francis.

Although the Major had sent a request to headquarters that a relief expedition with provisions should be sent to a place 60 miles up the river from that fort, it must have been a matter of intense anxiety for a commanding officer to undertake a march of that distance through a trackless forest in the enemy's country, where roving bands of hostile Indians would likely be met with, and with a larger force of French troops in hot pursuit.

And all this had to be undertaken on the small stock of rations which each man carried, and on which they had already subsisted during a twelve days' march. In addition to this stock, as already mentioned, each man took what Indian corn he could carry.

The journal gives a graphic account of the terrible experience met with on this tramp for life. One formidable encounter is mentioned with the enemy near Lake Memphremagog, and various other losses were sustained from hunger and fatigue. At last the mouth of the Ammonoosock River was reached, where, instead of the expected stock of supplies, they only found the smouldering camp fire of the party, who had just a few hours previous returned down the river, taking all the provisions with them.

On page 148 it is written :

"Our distress upon this occasion was truly inexpressible. Our spirits, greatly depressed by hunger and fatigue we had already suffered, now almost entirely sunk within us, seeing no resource left, nor any reasonable ground to hope that we should escape a most miserable death by famine. At length I came to a resolution to push as fast as possible towards No. 4, leaving the remainder of my party, now unable to march further, to get such wretched subsistence as the barren wilderness could afford, till I got relief to them, which I engaged to do within ten days. I, with Captain Ogden, one Ranger and a captive Indian boy, embarked upon a raft we had made of dry pine trees."

A footnote by the author states "that before leaving them, he taught Lieut. Grant, the officer in charge, how to make a preparation of ground nuts and lily roots, which will serve to preserve life for a considerable time."

After a perilous trip of five days, during which they had once to construct a new raft by burning down the trees and burning off the logs to proper length, they successfully passed the many dangerous rapids and reached the fort, from which they despatched the much-needed relief, which reached the famishing camp within the time promised.

The Major then made his report to General Amherst, and two days later went up the river again with boats and provisions to bring in the remainder of his men.

They rejoined the headquarters of the Rangers at Crown Point, on the 1st December. The winter was spent in completing the building of the new fort.

The first move in the spring campaign of 1760 was made in the early part of June.

General Amherst then sent Major Rogers with 250 Rangers into Canada, to endeavour, by attacking such places as St. Johns and Chambly, to attract the attention and possibly draw away a portion of the French troops that were then besieging General Murray in Quebec.

The expedition landed on the west shore, about 12 miles south of Isle aux Noix, which was now the only remaining French post on the lake.

The next morning they were attacked by 350 men from the fort. After a brisk bush fight the French were defeated and scattered into small parties, with the loss of 40 killed and 50 muskets captured.

The Rangers lost two officers and 16 men killed and 10 wounded.

The detachment pushed on, and by a forced march reached St. Johns on the evening of the 15th June. It was intended to try a midnight attack, but on close examination it was found they had seventeen sentries well posted within the works, and the garrison being much stronger than was expected, the attack was not made, but the march was continued down the river to St. Thérèse, a stockaded post, which was surprised and taken at daybreak. Seventy-eight prisoners were captured and the buildings and works destroyed, together with a large quantity of fodder and provisions.

The party then crossed the river, intending to return by the east side of the lake to where their vessels were awaiting them. During this march they had a slight encounter with a party of 800 French, but they managed to outmanoeuvre them, and got safely on board the vessels, when the party reached the shore just a little too late.

On returning to Crown Point it was found that General Amherst had gone to Albany and organized a force to proceed by the valley of the Mohawk to Oswego, from which place he was to approach Montreal by the St. Lawrence, having instructed Col. Haviland to complete the capture of the French posts on the Champlain and Richelieu waters.

It was designed that these two armies should form a junction at Montreal with General Murray, who was then approaching from Quebec.

On the 16th August, the final advance towards Canada was commenced by Col. Haviland's division of 4,000 men down Lake Champlain, the flotilla being led by 600 Rangers in whaleboats under the command of their old leader.

The first point of attack was Isle aux Noix, from which the enemy, 1,500 strong, were driven and retired to St.

Johns during the night of the 25th August. Two days later the Rangers were ordered to pursue, and at daylight they arrived at St. Johns, to find it on fire and the French in full retreat towards Montreal.

The closing movements of the campaign are thus described in the journals :

"In the evening Col. Haviland came in sight and landed at St. Johns. As soon as he came on shore I waited upon him and acquainted him with what I had done, and that I had two prisoners for him. He said it was very well, and ordered his troops to encamp there that night, and next day went down the River Sorel as far as St. Thérèse, where he encamped and made strong breastworks, to defend his people from being surprised. I went down the River Sorel to bring the inhabitants under subjection to His Britannic Majesty, and went into their settled country in the night, took all their priests and militia officers and sent some of them for the inhabitants. The first day I caused all the inhabitants near Chambly to take the oath of allegiance; they appeared glad to have it in their power to do so and keep their possessions, and were all extremely submissive. Having obliged them to bring in their arms and fulfilled my instructions in the best manner I could, I joined Col. Darby at Chambly, who came there to take the fort, and had brought with him some light cannon. It soon surrendered, as the garrison consisted only of about 50 men. This happened on the 1st of September. On the 2nd, our army having nothing to do and having good intelligence from both General Amherst and General Murray, Col. Haviland sent me to join the latter, while he marched with the rest of the army to La Pierre. On the morning of the 5th, I got to Longueuil, about four miles below Montreal, opposite to where Brigadier Murray lay, and gave him notice of my arrival. By the time I came to Longueuil, the army, under command of General Amherst, had landed about two miles up the river from the town where they encamped, and early this morning Monsieur de Vaudreuil, the Governor and Commander-in-Chief of all Canada, sent out to capitulate with our General, which put a stop to all our movements till the 8th of September, when the articles of capitulation were agreed to and signed and our troops took possession of the town gates that night.

(To be Continued.)

THE FIRST SWALLOW.

One of my cherished spring visitors is missing, and has failed to put in his usual appearance on St. George's Day at the swallow-box prepared for him for many years past at Spencer Grange. What does this mean? Is he, too, dreading to cross the Chinese wall—erected on the frontier by the McKinley ukase? Is he also under a cloud, like the Great Canadian Hen?

To the lovers of birds, and the numbers are sure to increase whenever the social, winning or mysterious ways of the feathered race get to be better known, there are some individuals whose annual re-appearance is associated with special dates; under that head let us name that fleet, tireless wanderer by land and sea, the swallow.

When the vernal upward flow of the sap has ceased in our hardwood forests; when snow-haunted groves, pastures and moors are just donning their dainty, emerald tints, under the jocund rays of an April sun; when the daisy, the violet, the crocus, the hepatica, are longing to send forth their blossomed fragrance; when the ambient air is alive with the hum of insect-life; when the *Rossignol*, the robin, the hermit thrush, let drop from the swelling, odoriferous maple fronds, or feathery pines, their gushing, soft or metallic roundelay, when, in fact, festive nature seems all aglow with returning spring, there dawns, at Quebec, an auspicious date to Britons passing dear—St. George's Day—April the 23rd.

Tis then that for the denizens of picturesque though chilly Quebec, arrives circling and twittering a most welcome herald of recurring heat and sunshine, the first swallow of the season. A raw, east wind, 'tis true, or profuse warmth may retard or accelerate the advent of the expected visitor, who comes to set up house-keeping after wintering in Bermuda, Florida, Africa or the sunny south. Observers one and all look out for the garrulous winged messenger at that date, no less than others the writer of these lines, who years ago had prepared an airy cradle for *Hirundo*'s hopeful brood. Seldom, in fact, has the lofty structure, the swallow-house, (which the village carpenter, pious man, when erecting, decorated with a church steeple), failed to receive each recurring 23rd of April the visit of the yearly-increasing colony of swallows, which seems to have been attracted to his high church for several seasons, though he is free to admit that so

far none of the congregation have adopted an attire different from that of other right-minded swallows, nor has anything ritualistic been noticed in their ways.

Dr. Elliott Coës sums up thus the migration, habits and hibernation of the swallow tribe, ever a mystery since the days of Pontoppidan, bishop of Upsal: "Being insectivorous birds that take their prey on the wing, swallows necessarily migrate through the cold and temperate zones of the northern hemisphere. Their recession from the north is urged, as well by the delicacy of their organization and their susceptibility to cold as by the periodical failure of the sources of their food supply. The prowess of their pinion is equal to the emergency of the longest journeys; no birds whatsoever fly better or farther than some of the swallows do, and their movements are pre-eminent in the greatest of ease, of speed and of regularity. These facts are matters of common knowledge; the comings of swallows have passed into proverb, and their leave-taking been rehearsed in folk-lore among the signs of the waning times. Swallows have long been held for weather prophets; and with reason enough in the quick response of their organization to the influence of the atmospheric changes. Swallows have figured in augury; their appearance has been noted among auspicia, and truly their flight is barometric, for they soar in clear, warm days and skim the surface of the ground in heavy, falling weather, perhaps neither always nor entirely in the wake of winged insects on which they prey.

These mercurial birds are also thermometric; they are gauges of temperature, if less precise than the column of the fluid metal itself. It takes but a few warm days, even in our mid-winters, to send swallows trooping northward, from the orange and the cypress of the south; and the uncertain days when a capricious young spring pours delicious balm on the wounds of winter, are sure to lure some swallows on beyond their usual bounds, like skirmishers thrown out before the outcome of the host of occupation. There is concert, too, in the campaigns of the swallows; they act as if by consultation, and carry out agreement under leadership. One may witness, in the autumn more particularly, before the swallows leave us, that they gather in noisy thousands, still uncertain of the future movements, eager for the council to determine their line of march. Great throngs fly aimlessly about with incessant twittering or string along the lines of telegraph, the eaves of houses or the combs of cliffs. In all their talk and argument, their restlessness and great concern, we see how weighty is the subject that occupies their minds; we may fancy all the levity and impulse of the younger heads, their lack of sober judgment, the incessant flippancy with which they urge their novel schemes, and we may well believe their departure is delayed by the wiser tongues of those taught by experience to make haste slowly. Days pass, sometimes in animated debate, till delay becomes dangerous. The gathering dissolves, the sinews are strung, no breath is wasted now, the coming storm may work its will, the swallows have escaped its wrath and are gone to a winter's revelry in a land where winter's hand is weak till its touch is scarcely felt. * * *

Swallows are prodigious, phenomenal and problematical. Though we know that in certain seasons 'myriads of the swallows are at play in the air in Mexico, in the West Indies and in Central America,' there are yet many points to be cleared up about their habits and migration.

It was gravely asserted centuries ago, and it has been steadily reiterated at intervals ever since, that swallows plunge into the mud, become torpid, and hibernate like frogs. Learned bodies like the French Academy in Paris and the Royal Society of London have discussed the matter, printed the evidence in their official publications, and looked as wise after as before their meditations on the subject. It would take me far beyond my limits to describe fully the peculiar habits, conjugal fidelity, annual migration, and various resting places of the several varieties of swallows who visit us: the bank swallow, the barn swallow, the cliff and eaves swallow, the pretty social swallow known as the white bellied, and the noisy purple martin, who nested for a century, and more perhaps, under the lofty eaves of the venerable old Jesuit College at Quebec. Alas! no more!

With the inquisitive French cobbler, who tied a collar to a swallow's neck one fall, on which the following query was inscribed, we, too, on trying a similar experiment might, who knows, get a reply in the spring:

"Hirondelle
Si fidèle
Dis moi, l'hiver, où vas tu?
—Dans Athènes
Chez Antoine
Pourquoi t'en informes tu?"

J. M. LE MONT,
Spencer Grange, St. George's Day, 1891.



THE AYRES OF STUDLEIGH.

BY ANNIE S. SWAN.

Author of "Aldersyde," "Twice Tried," "A Vexed Inheritance," "The Gates of Eden," &c.

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CHAPTER XI.—NEWS FROM A FAR COUNTRY.

The June days lengthened, the heat of summertide blessed the waiting land once more, and yet to many, many English hearts the beauty of the sunshine was intolerable in the dark shadow of their own painful suspense. For three weeks there had been no news of any kind from the remotest parts of India. A horrible silence, which suggested possibilities more awful than they dared contemplate, followed immediately upon the first news of the outbreak. The time came when men could have prayed that the veil of silence had never been lifted, since it hid sufferings far exceeding what the most gloomy mind could have anticipated. On the evening of the twenty-eighth of June, Sir Randal and Lady Vane alighted at Ayreleigh Station, and hired a conveyance to take them to Studleigh. In order to relieve the suspense of those who loved Geoffrey Ayre and his wife they had travelled straight from Portsmouth, preferring to bring their information with them. It did not involve any great sacrifice, since they had no kindred of their own impatient to see them, still it was a kindly act.

"Tell him to drive us to Pine Edge, Randal," said Lady Vane, as she leaned out of the carriage. "I cannot get that fine old man out of my head. It is more trying for him than for the Ayres, because he is so lonely."

Sir Randal nodded, and to Pine Edge they were accordingly first driven. Never had the picturesque old place looked more lovely than in the sweet hush of the summer night, and as Lady Vane thought of the poor young widow, sick, perhaps to death, in a foreign hospital, her eyes filled with tears.

The old man, who for weeks had not been able to rest night or day, was wandering about the garden, and seeing the approaching carriage, hastened forward to meet it. His ruddy face paled at the sight of Lady Vane, and he gave a quick start and an eager look beyond her, his eyes mutely seeking another face. She shook her head with a slight, sad smile as she leaned out of the carriage with both hands outstretched.

"No, I have not brought Rachel, Mr. Abbot—only news of her. She was only able to come with us as far as Calcutta."

"Was she hurt?" he asked, with a direct simplicity which made Lady Vane's tears well afresh, while Sir Randal vigorously coughed, as he, too, shook hands with the tenant of Pine Edge.

"Oh, no, only the excitement and the fatigue of our flight were too much for her. She had a little daughter born on the morning we sailed. I saw her. She sent her love to you, and she will be home to you as soon as she can travel."

"Home to me! The Captain—?" said the old man, and came to an abrupt pause, though his eyes had still that eager, pathetic questioning in their depths.

"The Captain fell, like the brave English soldier he was, fighting the enemy to the last."

Christopher Abbot turned away and took a few steps across the lawn.

Then Sir Randal spoke—"Yes, and he sent half-a-dozen or more of those black fiends to perdition with his good sword before he fell. It was a hero's death, sir."

"Yes, yes, but my poor girl! Who is with her? Oh, my lady, is she all alone in that far away heathen place in her hour of trouble?"

"No, no; had she been alone I should scarcely have left her, after what we have been to each other during the last few years, Mr. Abbot," said Lady Vane, quickly. "She has Mrs. Elton with her. She may have mentioned her name in her letter to you. The poor Major was killed assisting us to escape. She is a kind, motherly woman, and she will accompany Rachel to England whenever she is permitted to leave the hospital."

"How do you happen to be here, Sir Randal? Is the mutiny at an end? There has been no news from the East for some weeks."

"At an end?" Sir Randal gloomily tugged his grey whiskers, and his face wore its sternest, bitterest look. "It's only beginning, sir—only beginning. God knows when it will end, or how. We've

lost everything, but are thankful to have escaped with our lives. There was no use staying in India to see the whole thing going to ruin and be slaughtered ourselves. It's a ghastly business, but only what I've been expecting for years, I only want to know what these idiots think of themselves now," he added, with a vague jerk of his thumb, which only his wife understood.

What Sir Randal called the apathy of the English Government had long been a sore point with him, and one which he never failed to adorn with the strongest language.

"Well, well, talking won't mend it," said Lady Vane, good-naturedly. "We heard at Portsmouth to-day that the poor fellows on their way home from the Crimea have been shipped for India. It is no easy thing to be a soldier in these troublous times."

"We are going on to Studleigh now with our news. Are they all well?"

"No, my lady, the Squire, God bless him, is a dying man."

"What?"

Both looked incomprehensibly shocked.

"It is true. He has been ailing all spring, and though the warm weather revived him a little, he has gone back to where he was. Not that you'd think it to look at him, he is so bright and happy. He was here only the day before yesterday trying to cheer the old man up; but he knows, and we all know to our sorrow, that his days are numbered."

"I question then, Randal, if our business may not hasten the end," said Lady Vane, hesitatingly. "The news of his brother's death will be a fearful shock to him."

"I don't think it," said Christopher Abbot, slowly. "It seems to me that when folks are coming near to the other world they get glimpses of the future. When the Captain and my little girl went away, he said to me he thought he'd never see them again, and he said the other morning that he had a feeling that he'd be seeing Geoff, as he calls him, sooner than we thought. I knew he meant in Heaven; but I couldn't say a word. I'm an old man, Sir Randal, and I can't control my feelings as I used. I seem to have broken down—to be like a little child since Rachel went away."

"Upon my word it makes one lose taste of life to hear so much bad news," said Sir Randal. "I can't understand it. Why, there was never a more useful man on the face of the earth than William Ayre; and now he's got to die in his prime. There's no sort of sense or justice in it."

"It is hid from us in the meantime, at least," said Lady Vane, gently. "Well, good-evening, Mr. Abbot. If we remain a day or two at Studleigh we shall see you again. If not, you may believe that your dear daughter is being well cared for. The doctor assured me that there was no apprehension of danger for her, and the child appeared very lively. They will make music for you yet in the old house."

"Ay, ay, I hope so," said the old man, a trifle sadly. "Good-evening, my lady; and I thank you for all your kindness to my girl in India. Often, often she had said that you have filled a mother's place to her."

"If I did so, she has been a daughter to me, Mr. Abbot. If you knew the estimation in which she was held in Delhi, even you would be pleased. Come, then Randal—let us go."

A few minutes later they were being driven rapidly up the avenue to Studleigh, and to their astonishment the Squire himself appeared on the steps to welcome them. He was certainly very thin, but his cheeks were flushed, and his eyes too bright for perfect health. He was evidently greatly surprised; and there was undisguised eagerness in his manner as he gave them his hearty greeting:

"Where have you come from? We thought you were besieged in Delhi," he said, quickly. "What news have you got for us?"

"Not good, my dear fellow, not good," answered Sir Randal, and Lady Vane hurried into the house and caught up the little heir as he toddled across the hall. She was glad when Lady Emily, hearing voices, came out of the hall, and in the bustle

of a new greeting she escaped hearing Sir Randal breaking the sad news to the Squire.

"Here we are, a pair of runaways. Emily, how are you?" she said, almost hysterically. "How Willie has grown; a great fellow. I should not have known him. We have come direct from Portsmouth; only landed this morning."

"Any news of Geoffrey?" asked Lady Emily, with an apprehensive glance through the open hall door to the terrace where the gentlemen stood.

"Yes, poor Geoffrey was one of the first to fall. Let me go in here a moment, Emily. I don't want to see Mr. Ayre just yet. Randal is telling him, I see."

"Is he dead?" asked Lady Emily, quickly, her delicate colour paling slightly as she held open the drawing-room door.

Lady Vane hastily nodded, and followed her into the room.

"Shot down trying to keep the rebels from entering the city—one of the first of the heroes this awful revolt will cost us," she said, with a shudder.

"How did you get home to England so quickly? Were you at Simla, or away from Delhi before the outbreak?"

"No, we were in it. When I can calmly speak of it, I'll tell you things which will keep you awake at nights. I have never had a sound sleep since it happened. I start up thinking I see those dreadful faces and the gleam of their sabres," said Lady Vane, and her hand trembled as it rested on the golden head of the child standing by her knee. He appeared to be drinking in every word.

"Did they kill Uncle Geoff?" he asked, with wide open eyes.

"Yes, my darling."

"With what—was he shot or cut?" he asked, with the most intense interest.

"I can't say, Willie, I was not there," she answered, and then looked up at the beautiful mother, whose still face betrayed neither poignant grief nor consuming anxiety.

"It will be a terrible blow to William, although he has been expecting it. He has repeatedly said Geoffrey would lose his life this time," Lady Emily said slowly, and there was a minute's silence.

"What kind of a heart have you, Emily Portmane," burst at length, almost passionately from Lady Vane's lips, "that you don't even ask whether poor Mrs. Geoffrey is dead or alive?"

Lady Emily's colour rose, and her lips compressed slightly.

"It is natural that I should be more concerned for my brother-in-law and my husband," she answered, with a distinct touch of haughtiness. "Has Mrs. Geoffrey returned to England with you?"

"No, poor darling, she only reached Calcutta. We left her in the hospital, where her second child was born."

"Poor thing!" Somehow these two words, though they were uttered with apparent sympathy, irritated the impulsive Lady Vane.

"Emily, why will you be so unjust—so abominable to that sweet woman? Hush, I will speak to you! I have known you all your life, and it is my duty to speak! Poor Geoffrey's wife is a woman whom all classes of society in Delhi loved to honour. She is fit to grace any station. I for one am not ashamed to say that she has taught me a great deal."

"She can dispense with my poor commendations then," said Lady Emily, languidly. "Forgive me, Lady Vane, but I cannot go into raptures over—my sister-in-law, although I bear her no ill will."

"She is coming back to her father with her children as soon as she is able. Promise me that you will not make her cross any heavier," said Lady Vane passionately, as she looked into the fair, calm, almost expressionless face.

"I must go to Mr. Ayre and pay my respects to Sir Randal," said Lady Emily, and opening the long window, she stepped out upon the terrace. Then Lady Vane clasped the still wondering boy in her arms, and said—

"Poor darling, what a mother!"

CHAPTER XII—HOME TO ENGLAND.

There were signs of great excitement and preparation in the old home on the edge of the pine-wood, towards the close of a fine August day. The sun was down, and the long shadows of the twilight already darkening the little lawn, but within the house there was warmth and light and good cheer of the most tempting kind. In the dining-room a great fire blazed up the wide chimney, shedding its ruddy glow over the supper-table, which was groaning with its weight of good things. There had been no such table set in Pine Edge since the daughter of the house went away. Up and down the hall, with hands nervously clasped behind his back, paced the old man, with a red spot of excitement burning in his cheeks, and a curious air of expectancy in look and manner. When the old eight-day clock on the stairs chimed the half hour after six, Mattie, the housemaid, came out of the kitchen with the silver urn in her hand.

"Please, sir, would you just give a look at the table. The carriage has turned the bend in the copse road."

In a moment the old man was in the dining-room, with his eyes fixed on the well laden table.

"There's enough for 'em to eat, my lass, if sick hearts can eat," he said, abruptly. "But there's something wanting. It's the flowers! Why, what have we all been thinking on? Get out the bowls your mistress prized so, and I'll cut roses to fill 'em. The bend of the copse road—we've five minutes to get it done. Make haste, Mattie. I want the place to look home-like for Miss Rachel to-night of all nights. We mustn't forget anything. She sets such store always by the flowers, more than by the victuals, I used to say."

Before the heavy wheels of the old family coach grated on the gravel the finishing touch of the roses had been given to the table, and the farmer was standing in the doorway shaking in every limb when the expectant travellers arrived. He took a step forward, but his hand, weak with his strong agitation, was powerless to turn the handle of the carriage door.

"Here I am, father," said Rachel's voice, quite steady and cheerful, and stepped out at the other side, and with a quick step went to him and laid her arms about his neck. Then heedless of the other occupants of the carriage, Christopher Abbot drew his daughter into the little office opening off the hall, and shut the door.

"My darling, my dear, my own poor dear child, welcome home."

Rachel rested her two hands on his shoulders and looked into his face with an expressible pathos of tenderness. "Dear, dear father, thank God that I and my barnies have such a home to come to."

Then she kissed him again, still with that beautiful slight smile on her lips, and never a tear, and bade him come away and take his grandchildren in his arms. Christopher Abbot was sore amazed to see his daughter so calm and self-possessed, with a certain beautiful stateliness about her, too, which was new to him. Her face was that of a woman who had endured great tribulation, but it was not the face of a woman whose heart was crushed with a hopeless despair, and for that Christopher Abbot thanked God; he had greatly feared for his child, and had prayed that she might be restored to him something like the Rachel of old.

"Clement, you little rogue," he heard her sweet ringing voice say. "Grandpapa, here is a young man who has to be taught the meaning of fear. Don't you see him trying to lift old Dobbin's forefoot. Come here and salute your grandpapa, sir."

A shrill, sweet laugh, which strangely stirred the old man's heart, rang out in the still dusky air, and the little boy marched forward and gravely gave the military salute.

"Is this grandpa? Why, ma, his hair is white."

"Take him up, father. I shall feel that it is really home when I see him in your arms," the young mother said with a smile and a tear. The old man needed no second bidding, and in another moment had his grandson on his shoulder.

"Where's the other one, the little lass?" he asked, with a tremor in his voice.

"Here!"

The nurse-girl stepped from the carriage, and Rachel took the sleeping mite from her arms and held her up to her father's face.

"Kiss her, too, daddy. You'll need to be father and grandfather, too, to little Evelyn. She is called for Geoffrey's mother. I thought he would have liked it."

Christopher Abbot nodded, and then the servants came shyly to the door, eager for a word from the dear young mistress they had all loved, and who had come back to them under such sad circumstances. Rachel spoke to them all, and then presented her son, whose bold, soldierly bearing was a perpetual delight to his grandfather, after the agitation of the meeting was over. It was all so much easier and better than he had dared to hope for. Instead of the fretful, broken-hearted woman he had compassionately expected, there was only a grave, dignified, beautiful mother, who appeared to think her children worth living for. Again and again Christopher Abbot, in his inmost heart, thanked God that grace and strength had been given Rachel to bear her cross. At the table once little Clement suddenly looked round piteously, as if a sense of loss had visited him anew, and said with quivering lip:

"Oh, ma, will daddy come soon?"

Then Rachel trembled all over, and her very lips whitened. But she stretched out her fair hand, and laying it on the sunny head, gently quieted the boy with that gentle touch.

"It is so hard, father, when Clement misses his father like that," she said with a quivering smile, which sent the unaccustomed tears into the old man's eyes.

Rachel was greatly touched when she went upstairs to put the children to bed to find that her own old nursery had been aired and brightened up with many little thoughtful touches in anticipation of its new occupants. She sat by her little boy till he fell asleep, tired out with his great questioning about the chickens and the calves and the ponies he would see on the morrow. Then she went down stairs, nerving herself for what she had to do. She had decided that it was her duty to tell her father all the fearful story of their escape, and then let it be buried forever.

She found him sitting in his own big chair by the dining-room hearth waiting for her.

"It is something like the old times, father," she said, gently. "But to-morrow those lively babies will convince us that the old times will never come any more."

She smoothed the white hair back from the rugged brow as she passed by the chair, and said, with a tender smile:

"Poor old father, it has been very hard for you, too, and now to have your evening rest broken in upon by two babies; but we had no hesitation in coming home at all."

"Why should you, my lamb? Where would my little girl come to in her sorrow except to her old father?"

"Nowhere else in the world, surely," Rachel answered, and, taking her old chair on the opposite side of the hearth, sat down for a time in silence.

"There is a story to tell, father, before we begin our life," she said at length; "and I will begin at the very beginning. Did you think there was anything in my letters through the winter to make you anxious? I always tried to write cheerfully, but we were all living in such uncertainty and dread that perhaps I did not succeed very well."

"I knew there was something. The squire and I used to compare notes, but I think the Captain spoke out quite frankly to his brother about the state of affairs."

"He did. He told him everything. Two brothers were never more to each other than Geoffrey and the Squire. I will go up to Studleigh in the morning, father, to see him, for I know he is not able to come and see me."

"I hope, Rachel, you may not be too late. He was very low this morning, and I know they are only waiting on the end."

Rachel sighed.

"How hard life is, daddy. It has seemed so very hard of late," she said, a trifle wearily. "There is so much to bear when one grows up."

But I must tell my story. We were very anxious all winter in Delhi, because there was a great deal to make us anxious. The English officers could not understand some things they noticed among the Sepoys, but it was not till early spring that they began to be openly arrogant, and even disobedient. Sometimes they were not punished as severely as they ought to have been for insubordination, just because our officers wanted to be gentle and kind. You see, the Sepoys imagined they had grievances. We only realized after the outbreak how complete was the dissatisfaction, and how perfectly organized the whole plan of revolt. It is perfectly marvellous, the secret cunning of the Mohammedans."

"What Sir Randal Vane seems to be most indignant at is the dearth of British soldiers in India."

"Yes, there are too few. Representations were sent again and again during the last year, but they were unheeded. We tried to excuse them, their resources being so taxed at the Crimea. Oh, daddy, it is a fearful thing to be a soldier's wife."

"Ay, my poor girl, you have come through the hardest trials since that day you stood a bride in Studleigh Church. But I don't think you regret it."

"Regret it? Oh, no! I would go through it again. I want to tell you again, daddy, that never had any woman a husband like mine. If I were to speak for hours I could never tell you what he was. I thank God that I have such a blessed memory of my children's father—a memory I can teach them to revere and love."

"It is a matter for thankfulness, Rachel, to you, as it is to me, that you are able to take your sorrow in such a light."

"There is no other light I could take it in and live, father," Rachel answered, with a shiver. "It will not take long to tell, and I will hurry on. When matters got very strained in the city, Geoffrey began to be very anxious, I could see, about me. Of course, the fearful uncertainty we lived in unnerved me. He was very anxious that I should leave Delhi with the Eltons, who were going home. I could not leave him, but I made arrangements for them to take Clement with them. That was on the Sunday evening. Monday morning the Elton's carriage was to leave, but on Monday we were thankful to escape in it to the Flagstaff Tower, and poor Major Elton was killed as he rode beside us."

"Was the Captain with you then?"

"Oh, no; Geoffrey was where duty called him, defending the city gates against the mutineers. It was there he fell—and later in the day Azim, my faithful servant, brought me his medals and a lock of his hair. He had prowled about among the fighting all day long to find his master. The fidelity of that poor Hindoo, father, redeems, in my eyes, the whole nation from its vileness. Later on he laid down his life for us, and there is no greater love than that."

Slowly and with some difficulty Rachel told the whole story of her perilous adventures and ultimate escape, the old man listening with strained ears and breathless interest, scarcely able to realize that it was his own child who had passed through such strange and fearful experiences.

"I have told you everything, daddy, because I never want to speak of it again. Some day I shall have to tell Clement how his father died, but till then I think it will be better for us to be silent about it," said Rachel, and he saw how pale her face was, and how the pain lines were very deep about her sweet mouth.

"Very well, my darling, in God's good time memory will not be so painful," he said, soothingly.

"But I don't want to forget," Rachel answered, almost sharply. "My dearest is so inseparably bound up with every one of these fearful memories that I must keep them in my heart to the—very end. They will become familiar by-and-by, and not so bitter. But, father, I can't answer questions about it. When the neighbours come, as I know they will, will you tell them not to ask? I—I—could not bear it."

"I will. I'll shut their mouths, if I have to shut the door on 'em," said the old man, with a fierceness which made Rachel smile.

"While we are talking, father, we may as well arrange how we are to be situated. I am not quite penniless," she said pathetically. "There is Geoffrey's pension and his portion from the estate. It is not much, but it will educate his children, and I am not afraid to leave myself with you."

"I should think not. If you say another word I'll be angry with, upon my word I will. Isn't Pine Edge and all that's in it yours, and if not yours, whose is it?" demanded the old man, peremptorily. "Don't say another word about that, or we'll maybe quarrel over it."

"No, father, we won't do that," Rachel answered, readily. "And I'll just slip into the old way and try and make you happy, and if you see me some days very quiet you won't mind me. There will be times, I know, when even your great love and the sight of the bairnies will not make up."

"I know, I know; you may trust your old father, Rachel. And what about Studleigh? After the Squire slips away, I suppose there won't be many coming and goings then."

"No," said Rachel, quite quietly, but with a slight pressure of the lips. "You are right; Lady Emily will not be more anxious to repudiate me than I shall be to keep myself and my children away from her."

There was no bitterness in Rachel's quiet voice, but her father saw she was touched to the quick. It was not her pride alone; her sensitiveness had not recovered from the pointed aversion and ignoring to which she had been subjected at the time of her marriage.

Christopher Abbot shook his head, for his heart was troubled. Looking into the future he saw vexation and sorrow and bitter estrangement growing wider and wider between Studleigh and Pine Edge.

(To be continued.)



TORONTO, May, 1891.

I have just received photograph of the "Two Frontier Churches," namely, St Marks and St. Andrews, of Niagara-on-the-Lake. Full of interest as each church is, both in monuments and history, the church yard of St. Marks is perhaps more interesting still because it is also more romantic. Within its quiet shades lies a Turkish lady who was bought as a slave, set free by her Christian purchaser, brought to England I think first, educated as a Christian, and became the mother of sons who, and whose descendants, are among the most respected of Niagara's citizens. In the same quiet retreat may be seen a row of seven tombstones, beneath which lie secure from storms the victims of a terrible yachting accident on Lake Ontario a few years ago. I have not yet visited the graveyard of St. Andrews, but there is no doubt that whoever may do so will find names upon its stones that are yet known and honoured among us.

Professor Charles G. D. Roberts has an important article in the May issue of *Canada* on "Literature and Politics." Professor Roberts takes much higher ground than Adam Badean, in the July number (1890) of *Belford's Magazine*, in his article, "English Literature in English Politics." Mr. Badean boasts rather broadly of the position literature has taken, "recently," as he says, in public life, and sneers at "robber barons," "rich bankers," and others who sought or bought themselves into the peerage by not the highest methods, forgetting that "times change and we change with them," and that the "baron," not always a robber by any means, could no more help being at the head of affairs in his day, than can education and cultivation avoid being thrust into those high positions, where to-day the soldier and the banker, *as such*, are out of place.

This Mr. Roberts shows, and further, has a word of reproof for literature, which, he truly says, sometimes seems

to have "withdrawn its finger from the common pulse," and is therefore hardly able, at such periods, to maintain the common health. Moreover, he says, and herein lies a reproof and a caution all should be ready to receive, "the tendency of literature to shirk responsibility for the common weal is as old as the days of Peter. It is Plato, I think, who says that if the wise are too indifferent to concern themselves in the government of the state they must endure to be governed by their inferiors." Is not this what we are doing in too many of our cities? too indolent to enter the arena on behalf of the common weal at election times. We are governed by the inferiors, and who is to blame?

After a strong argument, well sustained, Mr. Roberts concludes, "on the literature of a nation rests the heaviest political responsibility."

I was both annoyed and amused on looking over the *Imperial Federation League Journal* for May, to find December the date of the latest Imperial Federation news from Canada. The item, for it is no more, is important, being the meeting of the 18th December, when Mr. A. N. F. Lefroy read his excellent paper—to which I drew the attention of my readers at the time of its publication—on "The British versus the American System of National Government."

But there have been very important meetings, speeches and papers read since December, 1890, and it is evident the *Journal* suffers for want of a regular correspondent who could keep it thoroughly posted on what is going on for Imperial Federation in Canada.

The editor of the *Imperial Federation League Journal* remarks, after quoting Mr. Lefroy's paper, "We could have wished that this little book, which puts the case (of annexation, or, as it prefers to call it, Continental Union) fully and fairly, could have been read and digested by every elector in Canada before voting against Sir John Macdonald."

How such reading would have altered the returns, which put Sir John in by a strong majority, I fail to see, but it would be well for every elector in Canada, and England too, to read Mr. Lefroy's little book and to learn the integral differences which make the government of England and Canada so truly democratic, of the people and for the people, while the United States is really an autocracy, resulting from the power of the veto in the hands of the President, and the deadlock the Senate and Congress can bring about despite all that the people may desire.

The Torrington Orchestra gave its last concert for this season on Tuesday, and, by the generosity of its leader, the proceeds went to the Library Fund of University College. This is the second concert given by this orchestra on that behalf.

The orchestral pieces were splendidly given, particularly the "Fest" overture (*Lentner*), the "Preciosa" overture (*Weber*), and the *Notturno* from the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, and *Loin du Bal*, *Gillet*. In the *Concertstücke*, Miss Sullivan's piano playing was a noteworthy feature, and Mrs. and Miss Adamson's violins in the *Duo Concertante Kalliwoda* sustained the ladies' high reputation. "Wenona," *D'Errien Smith*, is a very musical rally of military vivacity.

The singing of Mr. Machelcan was encored, as was that of Mr. Douglas Bird, Toronto's young tenor. This gentleman has a future before him.

The Haslam Society Vocal Concert was very fashionably attended and was a delightful evening.

At the "Evening with Shakespeare," in the Auditorium, where music and oratory honoured the work of the great master's subtle brain Mr. William Houston, who has conducted a series of studies of Shakespeare during the winter, was presented with a *Furness Variorum Shakespeare* by the ladies and gentlemen who have enjoyed Mr. Houston's cultivated direction in their Shakesperian studies.

The Ontario Society of Artists opened their annual exhibition at the Academy of Music this week.

The Ontario Society of Artists open their annual exhibition very shortly.

S. A. CUNNING.





Sleeves—The House Beautiful.

All over the country, pretty costumes are already being thought out and prepared. Weather has been so cruel to any out-of-door sport, no matter of what kind, that tailor-made costumes have been most approved of, simply because of their warmth. As long as the wind remains in a bitter quarter, so long must attire be composed of fabrics that have heat giving properties. Therefore, as an example of what is suitable to such a varied temperature as that of our latitudes, I have selected from the many pretty dresses lately seen at the great Horse Show in Paris—which gives the keynote for the fashions of the summer season—one that is made of beige, striped with blue or heliotrope. The skirt, as you see, is quite plain, but it is



cut on the cross in front so as to make the stripes join cleverly in long Vandyked points, the back breadths being set into the waist in flat pleats. The jacket bodice is made with deep basques and revers, the epaulets being of plain beige, cut into sharp vandyke. The *guimpe* that is worn with this pretty dress is of pale or dark blue, to match the stripes; or if they are of heliotrope, it might be of the same colour, or that delicate pinkish mauve called "Ophélie," in *crêpe de chine*, surah or foulard, arranged in a succession of frills or puffs one over the other. The hat is of beige-coloured s'raw trimmed with yellow cowslips, or any other small yellow spring flower, and bows of wide beige-coloured ribbon striped to match. The boots and gloves are also chosen to correspond exactly in colour

with the dress, and the *en tout cas* as well. This is a useful kind of costume, because it would serve equally well for a dressy toilette for a fête, garden party or flower show. One of those various parts of a dress about which there is just at this present moment no specially fixed fashion is the sleeves. You may really make them in almost any fanciful way that comes into your head, and be nearly certain to be fashionable. I give you examples of five different ways of making sleeves to dresses of two materials. They



will serve as models for all kinds of stuffs, and combination of stuffs other than those I describe. The first is suitable to a pretty spring dress of foulard, or surah. This is seen in pleats with a long close epaulet of guipure, and terminated by a deep cuff of the same. The second would look well with a dress of any light woollen fabric in a pale colour. The fulness of the upper part of the sleeve is gathered together by five little straps of gold, buttoned across with small gold buttons. The lower part is formed of a rich brocade in damasked patterns interwoven with gold thread. The third is one that would be very nice for one of the many spring dresses of foulard that will be so fashionable, particularly when combined with some silken texture that is striped. The fourth is a pretty mixture of lilac cachemire and *faille* silk. The whole undersleeve is composed of the striped silk, whilst the foulard makes a full gathered epaulet or bell shoulder cape to it. The fifth is of rose bengaline and guipure lace in that deep creamy colour called *écru*.

* * *

The house beautiful, as that high priest of aestheticism, Mr. Oscar Wilde, was wont to call it, may be now seen in the very magnificent and palatial mansion that is just about to be tenanted by Mr. and Mrs. Mackay, of silver renown. It is situated in Carleton House Terrace, one of the very most aristocratic quarters of London, and was built originally by a former Duke of Leinster. The present representative of that name sold it to an immensely rich man, who, having been hard hit by the recent Baring failures, had to dispose of it, and Mr. Mackay was the purchaser. I think it does one good to go into a very splendid house sometimes, for it is the nearest approach we poor mortals ever get to real Fairyland. I like to see beautiful things, and enjoy them just for their beauty, and not in an appraising spirit that wonders how much everything cost. So now, dear readers, I will in spirit lead you over the principal rooms of this lovely house, and you shall thus realize how beautiful it is. Come first into the entrance hall, and look up to the ceiling which is all one vast design of blue and gold, whilst the walls are covered with great plaques, or slabs of the magnificent pink marble that is brought from the Soudan. What could better enhance the effect than to have those gracefully sculptured pilasters, which are more like statues, placed between them? Then if you want to see a real relic of the splendour of the Moyen Age take particular notice of that fine chimney piece, carved by clever sculptors of the fifteenth century, in Italy. Through such a hall we come to the great white marble staircase with its

gorgeous balustrade of the same exquisite carving marvellously preserved. Very suitably the walls are covered with rich old Beauvais tapestries representing the adventures of Columbus alternated with sumptuous brocades in green and gold. Before we enter the rooms do just stop and look at the framework of the doors, which is all of white marble, in designs that strongly recall Raphael's inimitable art. And the doors themselves,—what could be more rich looking than the mosaic inlaying of their panels? The ceiling of the staircase is worth a moment's attention, for it looks like a roof of lustrous white flowers, and indeed so they are, for it is divided out into spaces, and each space contains its flower composed of beautiful pearly shells. Equally beautiful is the ceiling of the great dining-room, but here, instead of flowers, the design is made in ivory white on a ground work of gold. One hardly realizes the costliness of the panelled walls, though the upper part of them is all mahogany, and that near the floor of satin wood. But we must not linger, for we have yet to see the ball-room and drawing-room on the first floor. I think one could hardly think about dancing with so much to look at, for the ceilings are covered with lovely paintings and the walls with priceless pictures by the great Dutch masters, when more splendid tapestries do not take their place. This embroidered satin that covers all the lovely furniture, was fashioned by fair ladies' fingers in the reign of King Louis XVI. of France, and if we only had time you might spend days looking at all the snuff boxes, miniatures and other art treasures in these innumerable cabinets. We must go before we leave and look at the two bath-rooms; are they not quite a dream? One is Japanese, the other Pompeian. All these lovely fruits and flowers, which are so typical of each country's style of decoration, are made of *cloisonné* enamel; and only think how beautiful they would be when illuminated by the electric light, which, indeed, is the only light permitted, and, I think, with good reason in so superb a dwelling.

Johnny's Joke.

Mr. Wagon was the victim. His son Johnny is a mischievous lad, and the other day resolved to play a trick on his brother. He arranged certain attachments to that brother's bed, worked by cords running to his own room, and then went off fishing. While he was gone his brother was sent away to be absent over night, and some company arrived at the house.

Mr. Wagon gave up his share of the room in which he slept with Mrs. Wagon to a young lady who was nervous about sleeping alone in a strange house, and occupied his absent son's bed. Johnny got home late at night, and, wholly ignorant of this change of arrangements, went to his room, which was next to his brother's, and prepared to perpetrate his designs.

The first proceeding was to haul on a cord which ran between the blankets spread on his father's bed, and, being fastened at the top, would pull the clothes off. Mr. Wagon was tucked in, when suddenly the clothes began to slip, and he found himself uncovered. He thought he might have kicked them off, and sat up and took hold of the clothes to pull them back.

Meanwhile Johnny had jerked another cord, which pulled the pillow off the bed. Mr. Wagon discovered his loss, and reached for the pillow, and when he got it the clothes went off again. He was much excited at that, and again went after the clothes and again lost the pillow. That time the pillow went under the bed, and Mr. Wagon went under after it, and immediately came out again very much excited, for the floor was strewn with brambles, and he had gotten into them. He resolved to scold the maid for leaving so many pins about.

Once more he made an attempt to get the pillow, and, as it was a long way under, he made a frantic dive for it, and just then Johnny, who was shaking with laughter, pulled the last cord and the whole bed came down upon Mr. Wagon and jammed him upon the brambles. His frantic howls brought his wife and friends to the rescue, and he was pulled out.

And then the gas was lighted, and somebody discovered the cords running to Johnny's room. Mr. Wagon at once hastened there. The lad explained that he thought his brother was in the bed, but it didn't make any difference. His yeils were mistaken, by a man sleeping half a mile away, for a cry of fire, and he jumped out of bed so hard that he sprained a toe. And the next day, when Johnny went to school, he got spanked again because he wouldn't sit down, and is now resolved to run away from home the first chance he gets, as this part of the country is such a discouraging region for a boy.



GIRLS OF MISS BARNJUM'S CLASS EXERCISING
GYMNASTICS IN MONTREAL.

The Women's Medical College of Toronto.

The Women's Medical College of Toronto, of which we are happy to give an excellent view in our present issue, together with the ladies of the final year, and several of the Faculty, owes its existence to the noble-mindedness of a few members of the medical profession in Toronto.

In the year 1883 an unpleasantness at the Kingston Medical School, where co-education in medicine was tried, offended the sense of justice of the gentlemen referred to, among whom may be mentioned the late Dr. Michael Barrett, one of the first pathologists of his time; Dr. Adam Wright and Dr. George Wright, and they determined to found a college where women could receive a medical education equal in all respects to that of the other sex. Calling to their aid several ladies known throughout the city for their devotion to the advancement of their sex, a canvass for funds was opened; but as it had to fight against a strong prejudice, which, thanks to the perseverance and patience of the ladies and the excellent conduct and marked ability of the graduates, no longer exists, only a small sum could be at first raised. This was expended in purchasing the site now occupied by the new building, on which stood at that date a small cottage only. This cottage was fitted up into lecture rooms, etc., the woodshed became a dissecting room and work began. The advantage of the site pitched upon consisted in its immediate contiguity to the Toronto General Hospital, whose enlightened and liberal superintendent, Dr. O'Reilly, placed all the advantages of that institution at the service of the Women's Medical College.

The marked advance in public opinion in regard to women in the medical profession is well illustrated by the difference in the amount of subscriptions to the college within certain periods. From 1883 to 1889 only \$2,000 rewarded the indefatigable exertions of a host of ladies; from 1889 to the beginning of the present year the collectors received a sum of \$3,000, and within a few weeks Mrs. James Gooderham, a warm friend of the college, has raised \$800 with no difficulty at all.

In 1887, despite the apathy of the general public, the Board of Directors determined to supersede the cottage structure, which had become quite inadequate to the increased number of students, by a new building of collegiate style and appointments. This building was opened by appropriate ceremonies on the 25th April, 1890, a large company of guests being invited, who were afterwards entertained by the faculty and students of the college.

The Women's Medical College possesses one of the best appointed laboratories in America. A large sum has been expended in bringing superior apparatus from Germany, and it has a "dark room" excellently equipped with ophthalmoscopes, mirrors, etc., for the practical use of the students. This department has for lecturer and instructor Dr. J. Gibb Wishart, one of the most prominent among our younger medical men, and the indefatigable and devoted secretary of the college.

In addition to hospital privileges, which include also those of the Mercer Hospital for Diseases of the Eye and Ear and the Burnside Lying-in Hospital (350 beds), the students of

the Women's Medical College have access to the Hospital for Sick Children (160 beds), the Home for Incurables, the House of Providence (Roman Catholic), the Infants' Home, Girls' home, and some other charities.

To successful students the College awards diplomas and prizes, and as it is in affiliation with Trinity University (from the beginning) and Toronto University (since its admission of medical schools to affiliation) the degrees are taken from these universities.

The testimony of the examiners for degrees are most conclusive with regard to the fitness of women for the medical profession and the excellence of the education they receive. Rev. Provost Body more than once has said at the presentation of prizes that the University was proud of the high standing the students took in every examination conducted by it, and at the recent presentation Dr. Temple spoke highly in their praise, saying that in such examinations as he had conducted he always strove to be just, distributing neither praise nor blame except on the truest data, and he had always found the students of the Women's Medical College come out more than equal with their competitors of the other sex. The same testimony is borne in every quarter, so that the reason of its existence is well justified by the results the College can show.

Notwithstanding its small beginnings, and the fact that never yet have its funds allowed of the allotment of salary or reward of any kind to its teaching staff, the college has acted most liberally in the matter of lady missionaries, giving them all the lectures, etc., at two-thirds the usual fees.

The curriculum of the college embraces courses of lectures in a university, college or school of medicine approved

by the council, viz.: Anatomy, practical anatomy, physiology (including histology), theoretical chemistry, materia medica and therapeutics, prin. and prac. medicine, prin. and prac. surgery, midwifery and diseases of women and children, clinical medicine, clinical surgery. Also from its own staff: Two courses in medical jurisprudence, one course in practical chemistry, including toxicology and botany; one course medical and surgical and topographical anatomy; one course in physiological, histological, pathological histology; one course sanitary science.

In addition, certificates of practical work are required at each examination, such certificates being accepted from a registered practitioner, the apothecary of a public hospital or of a public dispensary, or from a member of the Pharmaceutical Societies of Ontario or Quebec.

The college has already graduated eleven ladies at Trinity University and one at Toronto University. It has thirty-five enregistered regular students, and has had five occasional students; that is, who take one or more special courses, without intending to enter the profession.

Several of these students are graduates of Toronto University, thus adding to the lustre of high medical standing that of a previous university training in arts.

In every case graduates of the Women's Medical College have entered upon a successful practice of their chosen profession, four being settled in Toronto, one in St. Kilda, Australia, and one as medical missionary at Indore, India.

From the beginning the faculty of the college have inducted such ladies among their graduates as were at liberty to assume the duties into the staff. The first demonstrator of anatomy was Dr. Augusta Stowe Gullen, who, taking her fourth year in Trinity Medical School, there being no woman's college in the Dominion, was, as soon as she had received her degree, offered the position by those among the founders of the new institution who had seen Dr. Stowe-Gullen's ability, as her examiners. She was followed in 1887 by Dr. Alice McLaughlin, the first graduate of the college, becoming herself lecturer on diseases of children and associate lecturer on medicine. Dr. Susanna Boyle, Toronto, is assistant in practical anatomy and histology, as is also Dr. Emily J. Irvine, Brantford. At present these are the only lady members of the faculty, but as opportunity occurs it is intended to follow out the original intention of making the teaching staff mainly, if not entirely, female.

The Board of Trustees of the college consists of three gentlemen and four ladies—Rev. Dr. Cavan, Dr. Duncan, Dr. Wishart, Mrs. Harvie, Mrs. Jas. Gooderham, Mrs. McEwen, Dr. A. Stowe-Gullen, with Dr. Nevitt as secretary and Jas. Beaty, Jr., Q.C., D.C.L., as chairman, and it would be a difficult and thankless endeavour to discriminate among them in the matter of unselfish devotion to and undaunted exertion on behalf of the interests of the college; for, as has been indicated, the question of woman's fitness for, and right to, a medical education has had to be fought out by its promoters before a women's medical college could hope for support. The courage and generosity which fought the battle has, however, at length been rewarded, and the justice of the claim amply vindicated by the results to which the faculty and friends of the college may now proudly point.

Visitors to Toronto are always welcome at the college, the first summer session of which has just opened.

"Honour a physician with the honour due unto him for the uses ye may have of him * * * * The Lord hath created medicines out of the earth."—ECCLES., 38 Chapter.

S. A. C.



THE LION AT HOME.

CAPTAIN HUNTRY MACKAY.

It is the feeling of many who knew him intimately that no life has been cut short in the present generation of the British army which has been of more solid promise than that of Captain Huntly Mackay. The qualities of leadership so marked him from boyhood that the class-mates of



CAPTAIN H. B. MACKAY, R.E.
(From a photo. taken in 1890.)

his Form in the old High School, now grown up to active manhood, even then counted on his doing something in life worthy of a grand nature. I knew him as one of the inner circle of these old friends. The High School of those days was a good atmosphere to be brought up in. It was a school filled with manly British tradition, proud of its origin from the University, and moulded by three men of rare stamp, whose names were on its roll of masters—David Rodger, who sank at his post surrounded with the affection due to a saint and hero; George Murray, whose broad culture and tender heart the boys instinctively appreciated; and Dr. Howe, the rector, a typical English gentleman. The class to which Huntly belonged was considered exceptional by Dr. Howe, who, for that reason, chose to guide it himself in its chief studies through the school. Huntly's place in it was always close to the top, and in the final contest he carried off the headship of the commercial side, together with the Dufferin silver medal as best mathematician of the school. His clear-cut face had even then an air of thought, power and decision which, united with unvarying good humour, made us all respect and admire him. The school elected him captain of the football team, and as its representative to bear a testimonial to Dr. Howe, and our form made him leader in its numerous pranks. I have known no finer feeling anywhere than the sentiment of the group of which he was chief, for "the honour of the school." It bears a logical relation to the high standard of honour which was so marked a feature in the subsequent course of his life. He left the "High" at the age of seventeen and worked energetically for a couple of years on the *Witness* staff. He had, however, the inherited military build and instinct, for he was descended from officers of the brave "Black Watch," and to remain in any other career would have been cheating his nature of its due; so, at the earliest date his opportunities would allow, he entered the Royal College at Kingston, and immediately began to distinguish himself and to earn there, like everywhere else, the admiration of his comrades and preceptors. He had from childhood—rom days when he precociously taught himself the figures

by comparing those on a water barrel with the dial of a clock, at his home at St. Vincent de Paul—entertained a passion for mathematics, to which the Kingston course gives free scope, and so brilliant was his progress that on graduating in 1881 he carried off the whole of the prizes of his class and won the right to first choice among the British army commissions which are yearly placed at the College's disposal for its graduates. A Royal Engineer

commission, besides being honourable and lucrative, suited his tastes, and one of these was chosen by him. He went, in consequence, to Cheltenham Institute, where, having completed his studies for the service and attracted the friendship of General Sir Evelyn Wood and other commanding officers, he was put for a time on duty in various parts of the United Kingdom. His character is illustrated by a little incident told of him at this period. It took place in some locality in Ireland where he was in charge of a company. It seems the men were accustomed to obtain a halt at each county inn and have beer, a custom which was unfavourable to both health and order. Just after Lieutenant Mackay took command they came to one of these inns, and began to make the usual preparations. He resolutely marched them straight past it.

He at first had looked for a position at some point in India where he might (according to an Engineer's right) add the remuneration of civil work to the army pay; but an opportunity offering itself in South Africa on Sir Charles Warren's Boundary Commission, he went there to assist in delimiting the territory of the Boers and Bechuanas. His letters and accounts sent home to his family and old friends were often graphic and interesting in the extreme—the strangeness of life in the Kraals, the healthy freedom of the broad veldt, occasional pleasures of hunting and incidents of native character, were from time to time subjects of his pen. At

one time he is astonished by the extravagant differences, rhyme-and reasonless, between one village and another, in prices of chickens or of a handful of eggs. At another, he relates with amusement the story of a native chief who had intrigued with the Boers, and who, at the delimitation, having found his country included in theirs, comes to expostulate at Warren's camp, vehemently protesting he is an Englishman! The then momentarily threatened struggle also between the Dutch and English populations of all South Africa, both ready at the time to fly at each other's throats, impressed him greatly. An outbreak between these two great bodies, of the bravest races and by far the best armed and most deadly shots in the world, would, he believed, have made the most terrible contest of modern times.

Returning to England commended by Sir Charles, and in abounding vigour—in fact, the healthiest trim in his life—he was next sent out to the tropical post of Sierra Leone to command in the erection of batteries. He was mainly induced to accept this unhealthy service by the fact that one year on such a station counts for two, which was a consideration with one who, having entered the army late, felt the weight of the rule that the officer who has not obtained his majority at forty is shelled.

In Sierra Leone the population is almost entirely black, and the place contains few attractions for white men. Lieutenant Mackay found himself in practical command not alone of the new fortifications but of the town, and was called upon to perform varied duties. He carried out with great interest—because it

was a skilled undertaking not in his line—the mounting of large cannon on the new fortifications, having to construct, in all their details of wood and iron, even the huge cranes by which the guns were lifted from vessels some yards off from the shore. During his sojourn, news came of the incursions of an interior tribe of slaves. He organized an expedition to punish them. This he accomplished, though the only white man of the party. At the imminent risk of his life, to which he did not give a thought, he took by storm two towns, walled and loop-holed, and released an immense number of miserable slaves, who, squatted in an intricate phalanx of skinny arms, legs and heads, constitute one of the most striking pictures in his collection of photographs. In the storming, he was the first to mount the walls, which, to his wonder, much resembled those of medieval castles, and one of which he scaled by first mounting the shoulders of a friendly native chief. He was fired at point blank by a man on the top, who, fortunately, missed. It was on the same expedition that he performed an act so noble that it was only accidentally heard of, for the nobler any action of his the more sedulously he kept silent upon it. Upon their attacking one town the gates were hastily closed, and two children, a boy of about twelve and, in his arms, a babe, were shut out. Mackay's first thought was to save these; but with the brutal disregard for human life which characterizes the African savage, a native chief at once shot down the boy, and raised his rifle again to finish the infant. Mackay turned, caught him in the act, and, knocking the gun from his hand, rushed forward and picked up the child whom, distrustful of abandoning for a moment, he carried in his arms throughout the storming.

It was at Sierra Leone that he caught the West African fever, which clung to his system for years till it killed him. When prostrated with this terrible malady and unable to work, he caused himself to be carried to a place in the hills near by, where he wrote up his diary and long accounts of the surroundings to his two beloved sisters in Montreal. (It is to be hoped that the diary will see light in some form as a memorial volume). He had been pressed to publish a book about Africa, but had refused. His affection for his sisters was the chivalrous passion and first object of his life. A brave and tender knight in his relations with all others, he was to them the ideal brother and protector, and the devotion between them was very touching and charming.

Returning from Sierra Leone, he was decorated by the hands of the Queen with the Distinguished Service Order, and immediately took rank as an officer who had made



CAPTAIN H. B. MACKAY, R.E.
(From a photo. taken in 1881.)

name. He rose higher than ever in the esteem of the commanders, was elevated to the captaincy, and after recovering from the immediate effect of his fever, and visiting his friends in Canada, was put in charge of the delicate work of completing the celebrated Ordinance Surveys of the United Kingdom. During his sojourns in Canada, after both his South African service and that at Sierra Leone, one of his pleasures was to visit his circle of school friends, whom he found, to his great satisfaction, all achieving more or less substantial positions in the world, and who followed his career with affection and pride. While here, he was pressed with the offer of a professorship in his old college, Kingston. He left the decision to his sisters, willing to subject himself entirely to their happiness. They, however, knowing, as he did, that if he returned to England success and fame were distinctly in his grasp, refused to permit the sacrifice. On returning, he was offered a position in India, which he did not accept. Sir Francis de Winton then offered him, on the part of the Imperial British East Africa Company a leading position in its service. He at first refused. Afterwards, being strongly pressed, he made his own terms, one of which was that he should have chief command, obtained permission from the War Office and, after spending some time with his college mate, Lieutenant Stairs, of Stanley fame, proceeded to the East Coast as resident, with headquarter at Mombasa, where he commenced the construction of a railway to Lake Victoria Nyanza, in the interior. Only a short time ago he sent the writer a bright letter relating briefly that he had been present with the German force when chastising the Chief of Witu, who had massacred some German subjects. The next thing heard was the sad intelligence of his death, conveyed in two cablegrams from the company. His old enemy, the West Coast fever, had broken out again in his constitution, and the absolute want of ordinary comforts in that uncivilized region doubtless assisted in his decline. He was sent as soon as possible after attack to the hospital of the German deaconesses at Witu, where his last hours were somewhat alleviated by the devoted services of these ladies, to whom he left a grateful bequest. His remains, it is understood, have been sent to England. By the time of his death he had so acquired the confidence of the great company in whose service he was that he had just been appointed Administrator of its territories in place of Sir Francis de Winton, and the appointment was on its way out to him. Letters have since been received from the War Office and the Company testifying to the sorrow of the Commander-in-Chief (the Duke of Cambridge) and of the governors of the Company and the high esteem in which they personally held him. What he would have achieved in the near future, having won so many distinctions and served to such effect, would, had he lived, have been one of the easiest predictions. He fell, however, in the path of high-chosen and bravely followed duty, a maker of our Empire, a Canadian the more true to our country because he knew it as part of the great brotherhood of peoples whose ties and progress he died in the task of enlarging. His was a fearless, a high and a stainless life.

W. D. LIGHTHALL.

Montreal, May, 1890.

SPORTS AND PASTIMES

The only satisfactory matter connected with the lacrosse wrangle is that at last there has been a definite understanding arrived at, and the public has had revealed to it the real authors of the trouble. The Toronto and Montreal clubs have no reason to be proud of themselves for taking any part in the matter, but it may serve as a wholesome lesson in the future. True, they evidently acted in good faith, not having any reason to doubt that the wailing letter from the secretary of the Ottawa club meant what it said. Apparently it did not, as later developments proved, but the precious epistle can speak for itself. Montreal and Toronto may now play home and home matches and let the new league go rejoicing on its way, with the inward satisfaction of having done the game more harm in public estimation than they will be able to repair in a long time. Following is Mr. Ogilvy's letter:—

Ottawa, April 30.
To the Secretary of the Montreal Lacrosse Club:—

DEAR SIR,—At a meeting of the executive committee of the Ottawa Lacrosse club held on Tuesday evening last, I was instructed to write Montreal and Toronto Lacrosse clubs on the present unsatisfactory state of lacrosse matters, with a view of ascertaining whether or not something could be done in the way of remedy.

Doubtless neither you nor Toronto are quite aware of the extremely difficult position in which the Ottawas have been placed in this business. You who have been so long acquainted with the workings of lacrosse can understand how we in a small mixed community like Ottawa, with party feelings running high in other lines than that of lacrosse, this state of things arises and in how difficult a position it places a club like ours, which for some time back has been earnestly endeavouring to elevate the game to the position of respectability which all its admirers would desire to see it occupy. In our efforts to this end we have, especially during the past year, been fairly successful, and felt that this year we were in a position to put a team in the field of whom we could be proud and who in regard to personnel and individual character any team in the league would have no reason to say that they were such as they could have any objection to associate with.

The instructions given by us to our delegate were so clear and precise that we are at a loss, from his report, to understand how things have taken the unfortunate shape they have.

Briefly they were these: At a meeting of the N. A. L. A. and of the Six-club league he was to vote for the admission of the Capitals, provided a six-club league could be formed, *but not to do so if the result was to be the withdrawal of the Torontos or Montrealers, or either of them.* We desired above all things to retain our connection with these two teams as the leading exponents of amateur lacrosse, and would certainly decline to accept the Capitals or any other team in their place. Our instructions went even further than this. At a meeting of our executive held two days before the meeting in Montreal last Friday, our delegate was further instructed to the following effect, viz.: That before the meeting he should see Montreal and Toronto delegates and ascertain from them whether or not in the event of their still refusing to schedule with the Capitals, they were willing to form a three league series with Ottawa and Toronto, leaving the other three to do as they saw fit. We thought this might be done and that it might be arranged that each team might play with the other two, two home matches, which would give the same number of games during the season as in the old league and at the same time have no more travelling than heretofore. Such an arrangement, as a club, we were most anxious in the interest of lacrosse and for the sake of maintaining our connection with Montreal and Toronto, to enter into.

How things went so far wrong as they did we do not understand. Our delegate informs us that he expressed this desire to enter into this arrangement with you, but that Toronto would not give any idea of their intention and that he made arrangements with the present league lest he might be left in the cold.

In view of this state of things I write you to see if this league, Toronto, Montreal and ourselves, could not be formed, and if so, on what conditions? We shall be glad to know your feelings as a club in the matter.

I write to Toronto to the same effect.

Yours truly,
JNO. OGILVY,
Sec. O. L. C.

Another strange thing in connection with this correspondence matter is the letter received by the Torontos, dated May 13, and which for some reason or other bears no signature. Why was this? Was it in order to mislead still further, and then if there were any new developments a claim could be put in that that particular communication was not official? Such a course would have been nothing extraordinary when the whole history of the case is looked at. Montreal got a similar communication by telephone; but it did not purport to come from the secretary of the club or any official entitled to act for it. No notification has been yet received either by wire or mail. Following is the "unsigned" letter:—

Ottawa, May 13, 1891.
To Secretary Toronto Lacrosse Club:

DEAR SIR,—I am instructed to forward you a copy of resolution passed at a meeting of executive committee held on the 4th inst. That at a meeting held on the 26th ult., Mr. Kent's action as representative of the club was unanimously sustained, and the club cannot now cancel their arrangements with these clubs—Cornwall, Shamrock, Capital—but would, in addition to carry out schedule with these clubs, be willing to form a series with Toronto-Montreal in the manner set forth in last communication, viz., in playing one or two home and home matches as they may decide.

The national game if it gets a black eye or two in the west is booming in the east, so that we have something to be thankful for. Fredericton, N.B., is the latest to fall into line, and they have started with a will, as the most prominent citizens are at the head of the movement. The new organization is known as the Fredericton Lacrosse Club, and its first election of officers resulted as follows:—

Hon.-president, Chief Justice Allen; president, A. F. Street; 1st vice-president, Major Gordon; 2nd vice-president, Mayor Allen; hon.-secretary, captain, J. D. Roche.

If not much stock has been taken so far in the N. A. L. A. champion ship the same cannot be said of the C. L. A., in which the challenge instead of the series system is in vogue this year. The Athletics of St. Catherines are the present holders and already several challenges have been received. It looks as if the esse: East might borrow a little from the rising West.

Monday will practically see the opening of the sporting season, and a big bill of fare is provided all over the country. Montreal will have a crack twelve pitted against their old rivals in Toronto, and if their form in recent practices is anything to go by there will be som: of the old time games seen. Toronto has some promising new material, and it seems as if Montreal had more than enough to pick a winning team from. In fact the players at Montreal's disposal should easily land the red and grey in first place, and that is about where they will finish at the end of the season. The other clubs will play exhibition matches, there being two played in Ottawa. In Montreal, Cornwall and Shamrocks play, and several other scratch matches will take place over the country. So that all together it will be quite an opening day for the knights of the crosse.

It had been freely stated that the provincial champions of the Province of Quebec would not be found in the field this season. After the brilliant success of the two preceding years this was to be regretted, and all who have seen the champions play will be glad to know that every difficulty in the way of grounds has been removed. The new officials are:—Hon.-presidents, J. W. McAnulty and James Mullaly; president, Wm. Lewis, secretary, A. J. Fairbairn.

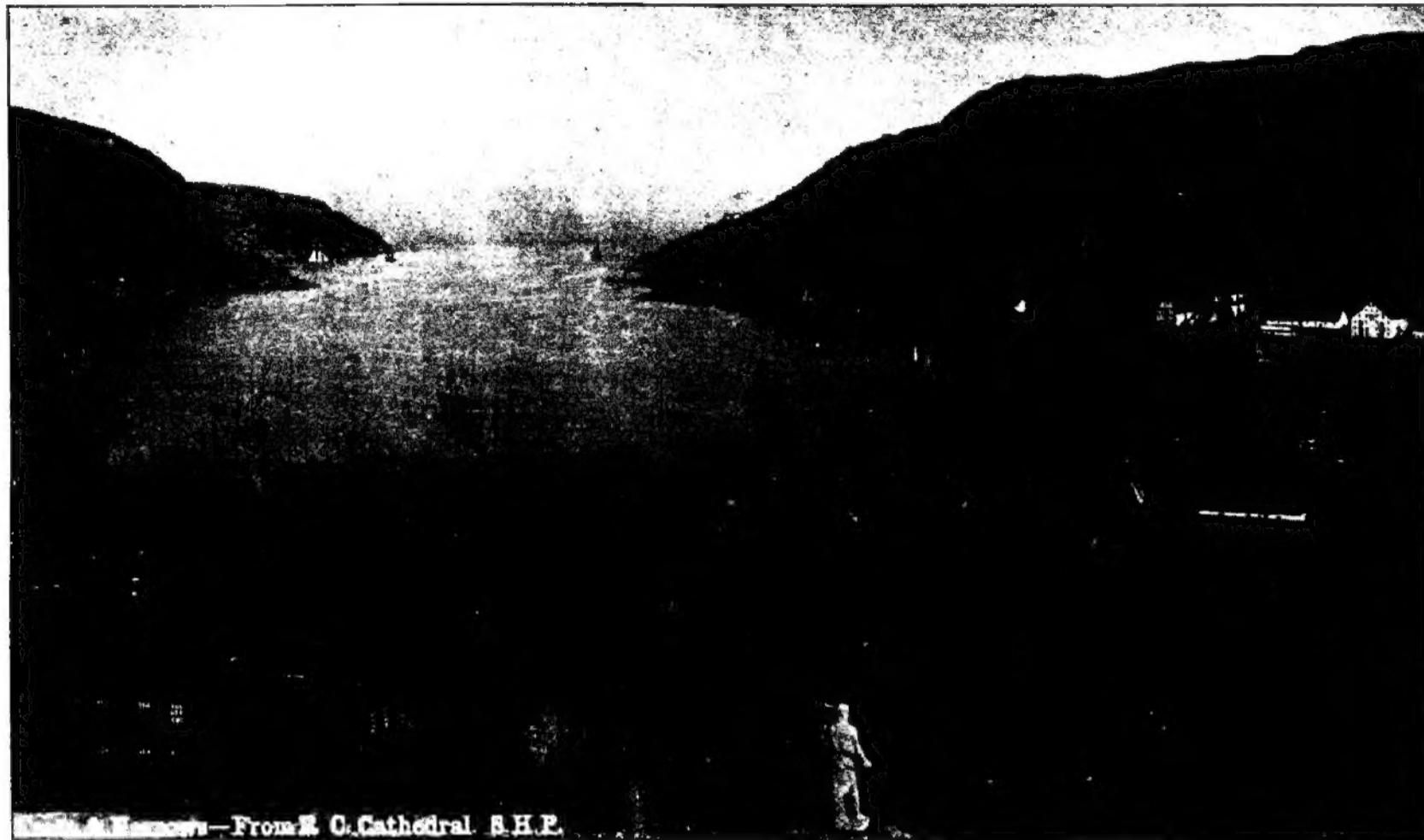
The Derby, which will be run on Wednesday next, is a race of much interest to Canadians, not that they care particularly or know anything about Common or Orion or the rest of them, but there is a very popular institution in the country by the name of "Derby Sweeps," whose ramifications extend from the Atlantic to the Pacific. On Monday next the largest of these drawings will take place and several people will have been rendered happy if Dame Fortune happens to send them the right tickets. Then a genuine interest is manifested by ticket holders and latest betting is talked of glibly as well as the running powers of an Isonomy colt, etc., etc. The other fellows don't pretend to care whether the Derby is for three-year olds or a three mile steeplechase. But 'twas ever thus.

That wonderful little sway-backed horse Tenny won a fortune for his owner. That is, won considerable of it, for Mr. Pulsifer's business methods and a trick or two worth knowing aided the owner greatly and lengthened out the odds. The bookmakers were caught on that line for future betting, but the poor orphans can stand it.

On Thursday next the St. Thomas Turf club will open its spring meeting when \$1,400 will be hung out in purses. There will be plenty of pacing at this meeting and the side-wheelers ought to get considerable of that money.

The League of American Wheelmen have made some important alterations in the racing regulations, which will have a marked influence on the present season's competitions. The old rule which only accepted records when made in competition has been abolished. This is a move decidedly acceptable to the racing men. In future the racing boards will pass on all records, whether made against time or in competition. This rule also requires that all records be made in open meetings, but none made under cover or on a board track will be allowed. A rider against time may or may not be accompanied by a pace maker. The day of the long distance man in championship events is also over, for in future the races will consist of a quarter and mile and a half for ordinary; quarter, half and one mile safety; and one mile tandem bicycle. The expense question was also touched up and settled, so that a cyclist may now have his entrance fee and travelling expenses paid by the club he represents at race meetings.

R. O. X.



VIEW OF THE TOWN AND HARBOUR OF ST. JOHN'S, NEWFOUNDLAND.



The Sagamore

From countless buds burst forth the miracle of leaf and blossom, and never fairer vision gladdened human heart. The benediction of the rain had fallen on the field and forest, and the loving sunbeams' ardent touch had flushed with new and tender consciousness the brow of the enraptured earth. All things were bright and warm and beautiful. The pall of winter had been folded up by hands of mystery and put away from sight. Through woodland shine and shadow nesting birds were flitting, or from a thousand branches pouring forth their tuneful notes to blend with other voices of the wild in changeful harmony. The brook, along whose marge the alders bent to see their new array reflected on its gleaming surface, murmured to itself a song of gladness that the bonds of winter had been broken, as it rippled over rapids or swirled around the roots of some projecting tree. The air was fragrant with

the mingled perfume of a countless host of trees and tender plants, and buds and blossoms. A time for universal joy and hopefulness.

And yet, just such a time had come a year ago—had come year after year through long gone ages of the past. How many hearts that had been gladdened by its coming had long since ceased their beating! How many voices that had joined in songs of gladness had long since sunk into eternal silence! The self-same sun year after year had called new life to be upon the earth—had seen it bloom without a thrill of joy, had seen it fade without remorse. Year after year, age after age, the earth, cloud-curtained, as it whirled through space, had been the theatre of this recurring scene, in which new actors ever and anon appeared, but on whose stage a form that once withdrew appeared no more forever.

The one thought followed the other in the mind of the reporter as he saw the venerable sagamore standing amid the springing flowers of the woodland path. Old and gray, with dusk, impassive face, and eyes that seemed to look across the years at scenes of other days not less than that by which he was surrounded, the Milicete was surely out of harmony with that fresh glory of the dawning summer time.

"My brother," the reporter queried, "you are glad the spring has come?"

"Ah-hah."

The laconic response had not much of cheerfulness in it, and the old man's face was lit by no gleam of pleasure.

"It ain't so hard for me to keep warm," he added, by way of explanation.

"But you like to see everything fresh and green, and hear the birds once more," suggested the reporter.

The sagamore nodded, and swept a slow glance through the trees, where the birds were singing as gayly as if age and pain and parting were the incidents of life on other planets only.

"I hear 'um good many summers," the old man said. "Mebbe I won't hear 'um any more."

"Nonsense! You are good for a dozen years yet," asserted the reporter with an air of confidence. "What did you have for breakfast?"

"What makes you ask that?" was the counter question.

"You have the blues. And a man very often gets that

troubl'e by way of his stomach," replied the reporter. "Now, I am using a remedy for indigestion that I got from an old woman the other day—"

That was as far as the reporter got. The myriad voices of captivating spring might not move the old man from his accustomed calm; but to have that old story about the virtues of a spring medicine recommended by an old woman thrust upon him was too much for the composure even of a sagamore of four score years or thereabouts. The more so that he professed some skill in medicine himself. He chased the reporter for a good half mile, and warmed the person of the latter with an axe handle at every second step.

The earth, meanwhile, continued to whizz along through space.

Stray Notes.

Women are not cruel to dumb animals. No woman would wilfully step on a mouse.

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"Talk about striking a tender chord," soliloquized the tramp at the woodpile, "this is one of the toughest cords I ever struck."—*Yonkers Statesman*.

* * *

They were talking about trees. "My favourite," she said, "is the oak. It is so noble, so magnificent in its strength. But what is your favourite?" "Yew," he replied.—*Pittsburgh Dispatch*.

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Teacher: "Can you mention a species of cold blooded animal which multiplies with astonishing rapidity?"

Boy: "Yes; the creditor. That's what pa says."

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"At your models again," said the inventor's wife, irascibly; "when will you get through that nonsense? Models, models, day in and day out. The house is full of 'em."

"There is one model I haven't in the house, and that I wish I had."

"Why don't you make it?"

"There is no material at hand."

"What is it?"

"A model wife."